J. B. Kelly on 'Death of a Princess' • W. A. Swanberg on Helen Keller

Why I Support Reagan—*Robert W. Tucker*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 17, 1980 Price One Dollar

The Middle Class Under House Arrest

"When they start talking real estate, let's leave."

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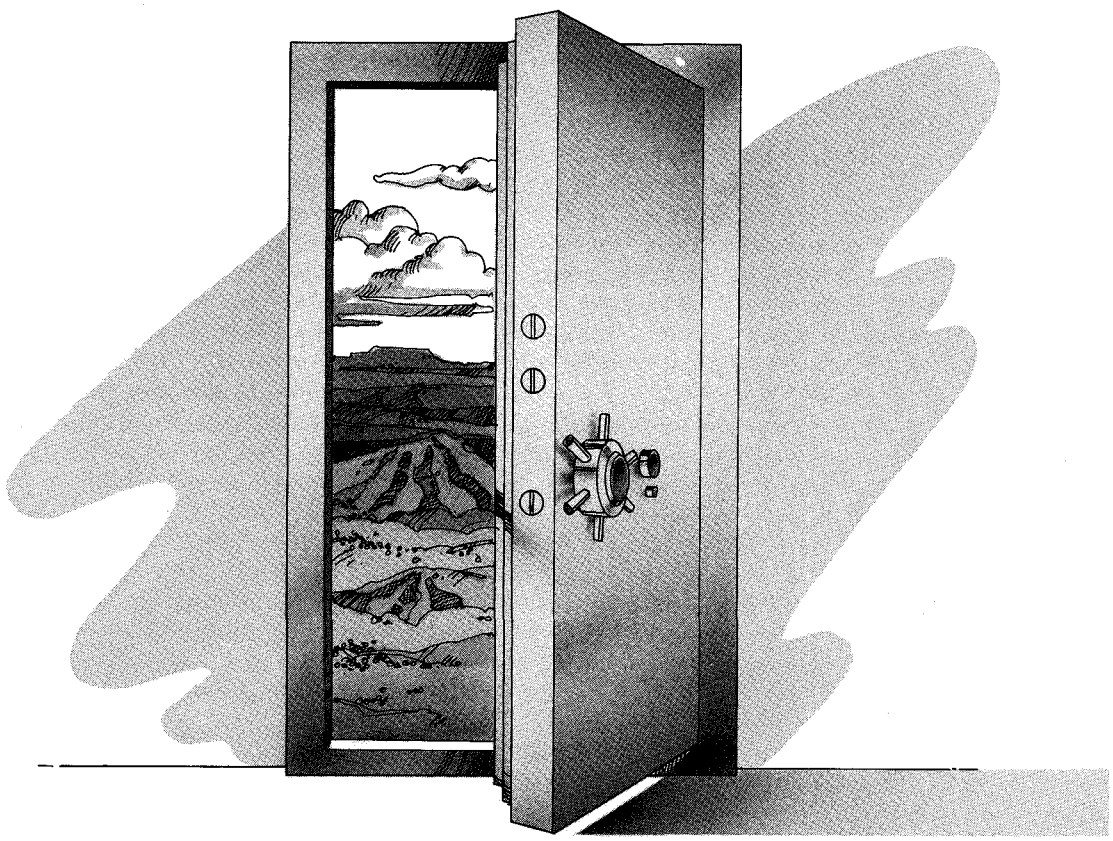
How locking federal lands away from oil and natural gas exploration will lower America's standard of living.



For some time now, the United States has been increasing its oil imports—at higher costs year after year. When more and more dollars leave the country to pay for this oil, the effect is a lessening in the value of the dollar... and a nibbling away at every American's standard of living.

To help cut its dependency on foreign oil, America must produce more oil and natural gas here at home. Our country has rich, untapped reserves; the problem is that much of them are under federal lands. About a third of our country is controlled by the federal government. Most of this land is currently off limits to energy exploration and development. And proposed legislation would shut these lands off permanently.

Energy lands should be developed.
Just one example: in the Rockies of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Wyoming, a mineral-rich geologic area that's part of the "Overthrust Belt" contains an estimated 8 billion barrels of oil and 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. But nearly half of this land may be put off limits.

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The environment can live with oil and gas development.
Now don't get us wrong. We are not for the wholesale exploitation of America's natural wilderness. But we would like to be able to explore public lands to find those having the potential for holding oil and natural gas deposits. Further, we'd like to be permitted to drill on those lands where large quantities of oil and natural gas are most likely to be found.

Amoco believes that America can't afford to cut itself off from any opportunity to increase its energy reserves. Because producing secure American petroleum supplies is the best way to lessen the influence that foreign oil producers have on every American's standard of living.

America runs better on American oil.

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TRB

from Washington
May 17, 1980

Government Business

Up betimes, and to the polling booth, where I and my wife master an exasperating punch-out ballot machine (devised by some enemy of democracy) and manage to express our preference for a set of presidential electors and register opposition to legalized lottery, Jai Alai, and dog-racing in the nation's capital. Thence, downtown, to breakfast with Lord Carrington, Her Majesty's Right Honorable Secretary of State, whose part in the creation of the new government in Zimbabwe, without bloodshed, is one of the few noble achievements in the recent world.

Reporters eye him closely, wondering at his secret. His position in Washington calls for tact as the representative of a government that has just dealt successfully with fanatic terrorists holding hostages, while he is speaking to an America frustrated by its own Iran fiasco. He is small, with enormous charm, darting glances at you from behind thick lenses. He has met his opposite number, secretary of state-designate Edmund Muskie, and it is amusing to think of the contrast: Carrington, all Downing Street, polished marble; Muskie, rough-hewn out of Maine granite. I believe that the two of them, the Yankee-Pole and the British man of the world, will relish each other. Both are good at dealing with people.

What is on my mind, however, is a statement I have run across made by Alvin Hansen of Harvard, the famous economist, in 1945. He casually cites America's industrial preeminence. He declares simply: "American producers, with their mass production techniques, can undersell any competitor in automobiles, radios, typewriters, etc." Why, of course. What upstart nation would have thought of competing with us a third of a century ago?

Thomas Murphy, chairman of General Motors, speaking over CBS the other day, agreed that foreign car imports now take 28 percent of the American market. They are small cars. The American manufacturers missed the boat. They were told by Nixon, Ford, and Carter of the petroleum crunch. They couldn't believe it. There are now 265,000 autoworkers out of work, GM has cut its dividend, Ford is hard-pressed, Chrysler may not survive. When Republicans hold their convention in July in Detroit half the city may be idle. It will be a bitter time. In the 1930 Depression bankers and corporate leaders lost their almost mystical prestige. Will automakers be the scapegoats today? A radical change is going on now in the perception of the economy. Political values in Washington are shifting quite rapidly. In a month or two, I suspect, President Carter will abandon his goal of a balanced budget as he has left his Rose Garden. It is a desperate matter for Carter, for it seems next to impossible that a president can be reelected in the slough of a recession which seems to be due just about election day.

These political scenarios shift and slide into one another rapidly. The relationship between big government and big business has already seen a change. Jay Vanandel, head of the US Chamber of Commerce, addressed that organization's annual convention here just last month. Government was the villain then: "There is one common culprit," he cried, "behind all the litany of economic horrors I just recited. It is government. Government that for many years now has lost its fiscal sanity . . . until it is now sucking the very life out of our free society and our free enterprise system." It was a rousing speech; he called for a "crusade" and declared that the country is behind the "five million Americans" represented by the Chamber and its affiliates. I imagine this was true. But can the Chamber's viewpoint hold up if unemployment takes the place of inflation as the chief popular fear?

The government has mounted a rescue expedition for Chrysler, though it is touch-and-go whether it will succeed. In the collapse of the silver market after the near-corner by the Hunt brothers, Washington steadied the private banks. In the old days there would have been a "panic."

Again it is the federal government that put together a $1.5 billion financial aid package for Philadelphia's largest bank, the First Pennsylvania. Government suddenly becomes the knight on a white horse when the great corporation or financial house has overextended itself and sees ruin ahead.

The mood may shift further. Nearly every day brings word of a bank that has lowered its prime interest rate. It means that business is slowing down, recession is extending, there is less demand for borrowed money, the cost of hiring capital is declining. Presumably the painful process will bring prices down, too.

Ronald Reagan is an enigma in all this. Presumably Jay Vanandel and big business will support the all-but-nominated Republican candidate. Reagan wants a balanced budget. He wants a big boost in defense spending. He wants to end inflation. But he also wants a whopping general tax cut. He thinks if you tax less you get more money. He has just repeated his views to two reporters from the *Wall Street Journal*. He wants the so-called Kemp-Roth tax cut of 30 percent over three years on corporations and individuals, combined with a mandatory limit on spending. Maybe we should return to the gold standard too. Many students consider this India-rubber economics. Thomas Murphy of General Motors was asked specifically, for example, on CBS's "Face the Nation," whether he favored a quickie tax cut to restore purchasing power. "I would not," he said flatly.

The fact is that Reagan sometimes seems out of sync with his business partners. Jay Vanandel wants "constitutional limits on spending and taxation" which appeals to Reagan, too. But the Reagan idea of balancing the budget by cutting income taxes 30 percent in three years alarms many. Conservative economist Herbert Stein dismisses the idea as starry-eyed. We can be "fairly confident," he wrote last March, that an across-the-board income tax cut will not "increase the revenues within any relevant period of time." It is all very peculiar. The recession certainly ought to defeat Carter. But against Reagan?

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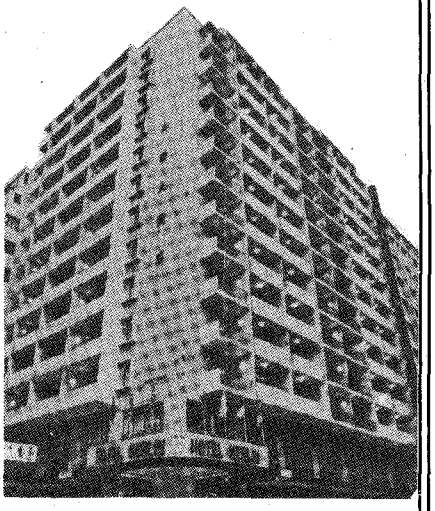

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 17, 1980

Storm-Tossed OSHA

Since its creation 10 years ago, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has been the federal agency conservatives love to hate. Almost every business executive has a favorite OSHA horror story, like the rule that all toilet seats in workplaces must be U-shaped rather than oval, or the pamphlet that warned farm workers of the danger of slipping on cow manure, or the OSHA definition of an exit: "that portion of a means of egress which is separated from all other spaces of the building or structure by construction or equipment as required in the sub-part to provide a protected way of travel to the exit discharge." OSHA has eliminated many of its sillier rules and definitions, but many businesspeople say it still is guilty of nitpicking and petty harassment. The US Chamber of Commerce says one employer was cited by OSHA for an obstruction on the ground outside an exit. The obstruction? Weeds. OSHA has become a symbol for many of meddlesome government interference in the private economy.

Business groups have been lobbying to restrict OSHA's authority almost since it was established, but only recently have they begun to make real progress. This year they stand a good chance of enacting the most fundamental "reform" of OSHA yet. The bill, which is co-sponsored by the two highest ranking members of the Senate Labor Committee, Democrat Harrison Williams of New Jersey and Republican Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania, would sharply reduce OSHA's freedom to inspect workplaces. The new limitations would apply only to inspections for "safety," those involving the direct danger of injury, and not to investigations concerning "health," which generally deal with long-term hazards, such as exposure to toxic chemicals. The bill would forbid routine OSHA inspections of a workplace where there had been fewer than two serious injuries per 100 workers during the previous year. The bill's sponsors say this restriction will reward employers for maintaining safe workplaces, while enabling OSHA to concentrate its limited resources on the most dangerous ones. The bill also would make it harder for OSHA to inspect workplaces in response to complaints from workers. Right now the agency is obliged to investigate any complaint that appears to be within its authority. The result, critics say, is that OSHA wastes a lot of time and money checking out complaints that turn up no hazards. Under this bill, OSHA would inspect only if the employer could not provide "satisfactory assurances" that it already has taken steps to correct the problem.

The bill has produced bitter controversy between organized labor, which opposes it, and the business community, which supports it. Both have resorted to demagogic tactics. The United Auto Workers calls the bill "a license to maim and kill." The Chamber of Commerce has waxed indignant over such charges, but it hasn't shied away from using similar ones. A recent Chamber booklet attacking OSHA included pictures of an ambulance and a human skull on the cover, to illustrate its bizarre contention that OSHA actually has made the workplace more dangerous than ever.

The Schweiker bill is sabotage disguised as reform. It is supposed to achieve two objectives that nearly everyone agrees are desirable—to focus OSHA en-

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forcement on the most dangerous workplaces and to screen worker complaints more effectively. Two recent studies of OSHA's record, one by a White House task force and another by the General Accounting Office, have concluded that some changes are needed in these respects, and even OSHA agrees. GAO, for example, noted that "complaint inspections often detect no violations of standards, seldom detect serious violations, and rarely detect serious violations that relate to the subject of the complaints." The agency, however, says it already has taken steps to improve its targeting and screening of complaints, and that the bill isn't needed.

What has prevented a reasonable debate over how best to accomplish the goals everyone agrees on is OSHA's symbolic importance to both labor and business. The reasons it generates such strong emotions are not hard to find. OSHA is the only federal agency the average business executive has to answer to, so naturally it seems the most meddlesome. Any company that runs a safe workplace understandably is apt to feel that OSHA's interference is not only superfluous but unfair. Any company that runs an unsafe workplace naturally is apt to resent having to change its ways, particularly since doing so costs it money. Yet OSHA's mere existence reassures workers that someone is looking out for their physical well-being, and that the nation as a whole regards them as worthy of protection. Most workers never see an OSHA inspector, but they like to know that they can get help from the federal government just by calling in a complaint.

Regardless of whether the Schweiker bill becomes law, OSHA will continue to exist, will concentrate more of its resources on the most dangerous workplaces, and will make greater efforts to eliminate fruitless complaint inspections. No one denies the need for these changes. All the excitement thus greatly exaggerates the importance of the Schweiker bill.

But just because the bill is a modest proposal doesn't mean it's a good one. There are two important questions to be asked. First, should the changes in OSHA's enforcement procedures be written into law rather than left to the agency's own administrative discretion? And if so, will this bill accomplish the desired goals without frustrating other, equally important purposes?

The answer to both questions is no. OSHA already is reforming its own procedures, so if that's what Congress wants, it should leave the agency alone. To pass a law requiring OSHA to use more effective means of enforcing its regulations is to assume that OSHA has some reason not to use the most effective means it can find. In the case of agencies responsible for price regulation, like the Interstate Commerce Commission, it may be necessary to saddle the regulators with laws to promote values that might conflict with their instincts. Left to itself, the ICC has a natural tendency to protect the health of existing firms by insulating them from competition. But no one has accused OSHA of being too solicitous of the people it regulates. It is contradictory to argue, as the business community has, that on the one hand OSHA has been overzealous in its enforcement and that, on the other, it needs to be prodded to go after the most dangerous workplaces. Obviously it already is in OSHA's own interest to spend its time and money where it is most likely to find serious violations.

In its arguments for the bill, the Chamber of Commerce has been more than a little disingenuous. It says the bill is needed because workplaces have become more dangerous since OSHA was created. One Chamber official recently testified that since 1971 the "rate of serious injuries is up 25 percent and their severity rate, measured in days off the job, is up more than 34 percent." The Chamber offers no theory of why federal health and safety inspection, however inept, should actually *increase* workplace injuries. What the statistics actually show is an increase in the number of serious injuries *reported*. The explanation for this is that the only "serious injuries" counted are those that qualify for workmen's compensation. Most states have eased the requirements for eligibility since 1971, thus boosting the number of injuries that show up in statistics. A more reliable guide to OSHA's performance is the rate of all injuries and the rate of occupational deaths. Since OSHA was created, injuries have declined by 15 percent, deaths by 10 percent. As AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland noted in his testimony to the Labor Committee, the rates have declined even more in the most dangerous industries where OSHA has been most active. Other gains due to OSHA are harder to measure. The agency has set standards for exposure to any number of dangerous substances, but the benefits here—for example, the workers who won't get cancer thanks to OSHA standards—won't show up for several years.

Even if a new law were needed, this one wouldn't be it. The Schweiker bill proposes to "target" OSHA's enforcement efforts by exempting any firm that had no deaths or serious injuries the previous year. A firm also could qualify if it affirmed by affidavit that it had fewer than two serious injuries per 100 workers in the previous year. These firms would not be subject to what are called "general scheduled inspections"—those that are not in response to a specific complaint. Under the Schweiker bill, 91 percent of the businesses in the country, employing 65 percent of all workers, would be exempt. This is a cockeyed way to target OSHA's efforts, rather like forbidding the police to patrol any neighborhood where no serious crimes were committed the year before. Besides, having a spotless record one year is no guarantee of a safe workplace. The AFL-CIO examined more than 1200 worker deaths in 1978 and discovered that 41 percent occurred in workplaces that, because of their 1977 record, would have been exempt from inspection. These include the

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Correspondence

Carter in context

To the editors:

Hendrik Hertzberg suggests (Correspondence, *TNR*, April 26) that I quoted President Carter's attack on affirmative government out of context. But the feeble disclaimer on which Hertzberg sets such store obviously was one more example of Carter's reflex effort to put himself on both sides of every issue. No other Democratic president this century would have spoken Carter's anti-government tirade in *any* context. And I have no doubt that history will read Carter's words in the context of his demagogic campaign against the national government as "the most powerful, bloated, overlapping bureaucracy that human mankind has ever seen," and of his refusal thereafter to use government—as his Democratic predecessors surely would have done—in combating rising prices and declining energy supplies. As John Anderson has put it, "He campaigned against Big Government and he has planted the seeds of doubt in minds of the American public on the ability of government to solve problems. It may be almost something that comes back to haunt him."

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.
New York, New York

Waugh's all-purpose card

To the editors:

Paul Fussell in his review of my book (*Maugham*, *TNR*, March 8) states that I misquoted Evelyn Waugh's all-purpose card. I did not. The card, which is in the Jocelyn Brooke collection in the Bender Room of the Stanford Library, says: "Mr. Evelyn Waugh greatly regrets that he cannot do what you so kindly suggest."

Ted Morgan
New York, New York

Capitalist rip-off

To the editors:

Your April 26 editorial, "Saving Capitalism From Its Friends," was thought-provoking. However, I would recommend caution when promoting the supposedly simple and sensible Jorgenson Plan for determining a reasonable depreciation allowance.

The present value is logical and straightforward only for people who work with and appreciate the concept. Most business people, let alone ordinary folk and politicians, simply do not understand it, and thus will not trust it. It may seem astonishing that business should be more comfortable with the current complex depreciation concepts than present value, but it is true.

The second difficulty with the Jorgenson Plan is the calculation of the "real" rate of interest. The inflation part of the formula for a given year might be easy to determine. But what would be the nominal interest rate for a given company or piece of equipment in any particular year?

Even if we do solve the second concern (I assume Professor Jorgenson has a reasonable solution to this very difficult problem) and determine a "real" interest rate, the solution will surely do in the plan. Virtually all experts agree that "real" interest rates have been negative in the past several years—one of the major contributors to our current excess consumption and credit problem. A negative interest rate will cause Jorgenson's present value for depreciation of the equipment to be greater than its cost, providing the business with a write-off of more than 100 percent in the year it is purchased!

You are correct on one account. Congress will not enact such a plan. However, it will not be defeated by business, but by *TNR*-reader types who find it incomprehensible, complex, and another capitalist rip-off!

Mark R. Harris
City Treasurer
Palo Alto, California

To the editors:

The problem with capitalism is not that it is not well, as you pronounce, but that it is laboring under excessive demands. The economy is based on people doing work, and when their labor increasingly goes to pay OPEC, clean the air and water, establish defenses against Russia, and provide for all the people who don't work, it isn't surprising that there is less labor remaining to make consumer goods and build new machines.

Capitalism is simply a practical and effective way to decentralize decisions about what things to produce and how best to produce them. There are people among us who are good at such things. There are others, called government, who have responsibility for maintaining order and justice and for organizing our defense effort.

Over and over in your article the point comes across that government is something beyond that and somehow is entitled to its revenues (tax deductions "cost the government," are "gifts" or "interest-free loans"), as though we were appeasing a sort of god. This is the god who will dispense his collected treasures according to the pleasures of certain people, called liberals, or as you say, "Americans of progressive sentiment," who would like to control him.

People aren't buying that vision of the future anymore, and until you give it up you disqualify yourselves from participating in the national debate now under way in which people are seriously trying to understand what may be proper relationships between the government sector and the economic sector in a society whose members have decided to collaborate in establishing optimum conditions for human development. That society includes business people, government workers, and even journalists with scant knowledge about economics.

W.C. Allen Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

Public and private charity

To the editors:

Natalie Wexler's essay ("Corporate Charity," April 5) shows she favors letting government do the things that private charity does now. I respect her right to express her opinion, though I disagree. If the American pioneers had not invented voluntarism—voluntary charity for one another—we would have had to invent it ourselves, for the alternative is excessive concentration of power in government with all the perils that has for social engineering.

Fortunately, her argument won't carry much weight anyway. It is so laced with misinformation and major factual errors (I counted 10) that anyone knowledgeable about the subject of philanthropy and government won't take it seriously. It is an ignorant piece.

Sample error: "The private United Way bureaucracy is accountable mainly to the corporate executives who serve on its local and national boards of directors. The 170 members of the Central Maryland United Fund advisory board, for example, included 60 corporation presidents, 19 corporation chairmen, and 23 corporation vice presidents, according to a 1971 study."

(continued on page 40)

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electric utility cooling tower in West Virginia where 47 workers were killed in a single accident. The Labor Department pointed out at the hearings that most insurance companies insist on three years' data in order to set rates, and that only 43 percent of all firms would be exempt for three years in a row. The exemption also would remove some of the incentive for safety by removing the threat of an inspection—just as abolishing income tax audits would encourage cheating on tax returns. It is true that OSHA's 1000 inspectors can't visit all four million businesses in the US every year, but the mere possibility of an inspection serves to spur compliance with safety regulations.

This provision also would aggravate one problem that has been blamed partly on OSHA, namely the burden of paper work on business as a result of federal regulations. Any business that didn't automatically qualify for an exemption would have to file an affidavit instead. This would generate four million additional pieces of paper. Processing them no doubt would take a good deal of time and money that OSHA could use better for enforcement.

Schweiker's bill would allow workers to file complaints with OSHA, but it would prohibit OSHA from responding in many cases. Unless it suspects an "imminent danger" (which is hard to ascertain without an inspection), the agency first would have to inform the employer of the complaint. If the company provides "satisfactory assurances" that the problem has been or is being corrected, OSHA can't investigate further unless it gets another complaint. The rationale for this is that 71 percent of all inspections responding to complaints find no "serious hazard," and 46 percent find no hazard at all. But these figures also are misleading. A "nonserious" hazard is not a harmless one. According to OSHA rules, a hazard can be cited as serious only if it creates a probability of death or serious injury, *and* if the employer knows about it. A plainly lethal hazard is classified as "nonserious" if the employer doesn't know it exists. As it is, the number of violations found through these complaint inspections is pretty impressive. More than half discover some violations, and nearly a third reveal highly dangerous violations that the employer is aware of.

There are other problems with Schweiker's bill. For instance, it provides for lower penalties for companies that have worker-management committees—a provision that, as Kirkland pointed out, should cause workers to refuse to participate in such committees. It also apparently prevents inspectors who are responding to complaints about one violation from inspecting for other possible violations, and from issuing safety citations while carrying out routine health inspections. These provisions will protect employers from OSHA while reducing OSHA's efficiency in protecting workers from danger. Any number of ambiguities in the bill will provide ample fuel for litigation, which will make some lawyers wealthy, but won't make workplaces any safer.

The Schweiker bill is not a good faith attempt to reduce the complexity and improve the performance of government regulation. It is an attempt to undermine worker health and safety regulation, in the guise of reform.

Politics

Carter Goes for Broke

At the moment the conventional wisdom is that Ronald Reagan is a real threat to President Carter. In fact, when conventional wise men factor in continuing high inflation and interest rates, the prospects for a deep recession, the probability that American hostages will remain in Iran indefinitely, and recent declines in Carter's poll ratings, their tendency is to count Reagan the front-runner. Polls show him either even with Carter or slightly ahead, and putting John Anderson into the mix seems to add to Reagan's prospects for election.

I do not dispute the conventional wisdom. In fact, it is supported further by the fact that the Republican party will enter the general election campaign unified and rich, while the Democrats are far behind in fundraising and seem likely to continue their intraparty fight into the August convention and, possibly, beyond it.

Yet I think the conventional wisdom underrates Jimmy Carter. The man cannot, it's true, maintain a consistent economic program or mount a coherent foreign policy, but he is a genius at conducting political campaigns and at hiring people to help him win elections. Carter's—or, rather, Hamilton Jordan's—strategy for winning the 1980 Democratic nomination has worked magnificently. It called for Carter to take a big early lead by sweeping the South and the Illinois delegate races, and then hold off any late-blooming Kennedy challenge by matching Kennedy victories in northeast industrial states with big Carter margins in the Midwest, West, and South. In spite of the downturning economy, Kennedy was able to score only the narrowest of victories in Pennsylvania and Michigan—by 9700 votes in the Pennsylvania primary and by six votes in the Michigan caucuses. Going into last week's four primaries in Indiana, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the District of Columbia, Kennedy needed to win 75 percent of all the remaining delegates to be elected in order to overtake Carter. Carter won three-fourths of the delegates in those primaries, and now Kennedy has to win an impossible 86 percent of the delegates in the primaries remaining.

Kennedy's political strategy is to win stunning victories in the three big primaries on June 3—California, Ohio, and New Jersey—and then argue to "soft" Carter delegates and uncommitteds that Carter's losses demonstrate he can't win in November. Kennedy delegate-hunters say they have spotted about 135

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shaky Carter delegates already, of whom "10 or 12" are determined to bolt to Kennedy. No names, of course. After June 3, if Kennedy approves, his workers plan to mount a full-scale "boiler room" operation aimed at fomenting rebellion in the Carter ranks. At the mid-August convention, their hopes have it, fights over rules and the Democratic platform—especially on wage and price controls and funding of social programs—will lead to mass defection by Carter delegates and a Kennedy nomination. A variation on the scenario is that if Kennedy can't be nominated, some third candidate will emerge around whom the party can coalesce—Walter Mondale, perhaps, or Henry Jackson, Hugh Carey, Edmund Muskie, or Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

However, the Carter people are formulating strategies too, and their scenario sounds much more plausible. They also are well ahead of the Kennedy people in planning and preparation. In fact, as of last week, the Carter campaign began shifting manpower from the task of beating Kennedy to that of defeating Reagan. And President Carter's emergence from the Rose Garden and his new soft-pedaling of the Iran crisis has as much to do with general election campaigning as it does with locking up the Democratic nomination.

The first priority for the Carter campaign, though, is sealing the nomination decisively. The Carter people want to finish the primary season with such a strong delegate lead that Kennedy will be discouraged from attempting a convention coup. At the moment, Carter's delegate-counters put him above the 1500-delegate mark, some 160 short of the 1666 needed to nominate. Neutral counters such as ABC News project Carter almost that strong—at 1490, with 770 for Kennedy and 97 uncommitted. A total of 237 delegates will be elected in seven primaries and caucuses between now and June 3, and if Carter does no better than a 50-50 split in those states, he will be only 50 or 60 votes away from the nomination. On June 3 a total of 696 delegates will be elected in eight states. Even if Kennedy should win 60-40 in those states, Carter would be over the top by more than 200 delegates.

The Carter campaign thinks it can do better than 50-50 in the pre-June 3 states—Maryland, Nebraska, Utah, Oregon, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Nevada—and then hold its own on June 3. Within the Carter campaign, predictions are that Carter will have a margin of between 300 and 500 delegates when the primary season is over.

Carter planning does not stop with the primary process. Last week, on the seventh floor of Carter-Mondale headquarters on K Street in Washington, the Carter campaign's political staff began moving desks around to shift from election management to convention strategy. "We've stopped looking at maps of the United States," said one young political operative, "and begun studying maps of the convention floor." The floor has been carved up into 14 "clusters" of state delegations, each with a floor leader and 50 whips, an internal communications system, and a hook-up to Convention Central. Detailed convention planning is the responsibility of John Rendon, former political director of the Democratic National Committee and lately Carter-Mondale campaign chief in Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile, Tom Donilon, a former White House aide and Carter's chief delegate-counter, has started setting up a boiler room, calling in the campaign's most talented field organizers to man phones and gather information about every convention delegate. Donilon's first two selections are Tony Corrado, who worked in the Michigan caucus, and Elliott Jacobson, who ran Carter-Mondale operations in upstate New York. "Within 10 days of a delegate's selection," said one political operative, "we have started putting information about him or her into a computer bank. We are building a team structure. Every delegate will get called at least once a week, either by the desk here or by a Carter captain in his state delegation. We want to develop a personal relationship with every delegate, so if he has a question about a Carter policy or about a local political situation, he will feel perfectly free to call. We consider the delegates to this convention to be the 3000 most important people in American politics and we will treat them as such. We don't only want to know what they think politically, but what they like to drink on Friday night. What we're trying to put together here is the finest convention operation that the Democratic party has ever seen."

Despite a huge lead in delegates over Kennedy and the fact that Democratic party rules bind delegates to vote for the candidate they were elected to support, the Carter campaign is taking no chances. In addition to what's going on at Carter-Mondale headquarters, the Carter campaign has a lock on convention planning being undertaken by the Democratic National Committee. Even though the permanent chairman of the national convention will be House Speaker Tip O'Neill, no enemy of Edward Kennedy, the DNC convention-arrangements staff is all solidly pro-Carter, beginning with party chairman John White. For example, the job of assigning floor passes at the convention has been given to Robert Keefe, a political disciple of Carter campaign chairman Robert Strauss. Nominally the Kennedy and Carter campaigns are supposed to have equal numbers of floor operatives, but as a practical matter Keefe will be able to flood the floor with Carter people if the need arises. Kennedy staff members complain that rarely has a convention staff been so stacked with partisans of the incumbent, and they say the current effort by the DNC should be compared unfavorably with the 1976 Republican convention effort, which was run fairly despite the tight race between Reagan and incumbent president Gerald Ford. Kennedy has gone so far as to call for White's resignation—a suggestion that White laughed off.

The Carter forces are prepared, it seems, to defeat Kennedy unfairly at the convention if they have to, but they would much rather do it fairly, causing as little divisiveness as possible. They anticipate that their

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commanding lead, plus careful delegate-tending in the boiler room, will give them the luxury of being able to compromise with Kennedy forces on platform issues—though not to the extent of abandoning important Carter administration principles. Ideally, according to top Carter-Mondale strategists, the nomination of Ronald Reagan will scare the Democrats into unity, and the traditional party loyalty of the Kennedy family—plus a dose of Carter generosity—will solidify the Democrats after August. Robert Strauss and others in the Carter camp have gone out of their way in the past week to praise Kennedy, hoping that ill feeling among his supporters will dissipate.

Carter planning has also begun for the general election. Organizationally, some of the Carter-Mondale campaign's top officials have been shifted to the Democratic National Committee, including Les Francis, who will become DNC executive director; Chris Brown, Carter's New Hampshire manager, who will do political targeting at the committee; and Karl Strubel, a former fundraiser, who will be in charge of voter registration and computer operations. Each national party organization can contribute $4.6 million to its candidate's presidential campaign, and state party organizations can contribute unlimited amounts for certain purposes such as local headquarters and bumper stickers. Now that he is out of the Rose Garden, President Carter is expected to make a number of fundraising appearances for the DNC and state parties, though Kennedy partisans point out that Carter's own campaign will be his first priority—not fundraising for congressional and local candidates.

Carter's other appearances will be keyed to the November campaign, too. Last week, for example, Carter appeared before the League of Women Voters convention in Washington and seemed to do everything possible to escape his reputation as a born-again hawk and fiscal tightwad. He said he was willing to negotiate with the Soviet Union about theater nuclear forces in Europe and strategic weapons, reiterated his inaugural pledge to work for the banishment of nuclear weapons from the globe, and gave assurances that his budget-balancing proposals were designed to minimize pain for the poor. White House aides said the speech was designed to have a "healing" influence on Democrats.

Presumably, Carter's speech also was designed to stop liberals from defecting to John Anderson, whose independent challenge has the Carter people deeply worried. The basic Carter tactic for undercutting Anderson will be to assail his congressional record as a fiscal conservative, an opponent of most trade union legislation, and a supporter of nuclear power. The Carter people also will try to keep Jews from siding with Anderson by reminding them of his sponsorship—three times—of a constitutional amendment declaring Jesus Christ the supreme power over America. Carterites also will try to frighten away defections to Anderson by arguing they will merely elect Reagan.

Carter began campaigning by explaining last week in Philadelphia how complicated the nation's domestic and international problems are—but made no mention of Ronald Reagan. But the subliminal message of Carter's "non-political," taxpayer-subsidized appearance was: this job is too delicate for the heavy hand of Ronald Reagan.

Meanwhile there's been nothing subliminal at all about Walter Mondale's attacks on Reagan. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, on May 2, Mondale said Reagan "is a right-wing conservative . . . with no experience in foreign affairs. He has talked about eliminating the minimum wage, repealing OSHA, raised questions about Social Security and taken other positions that the American people won't support." One of Mondale's aides said that the Carter-Reagan race will be "an old-fashioned Democrat-versus-Republican contest. Reagan will scare the unions, the blacks, and the liberals so much that the old Democratic coalition will come back to life."

Will it work? Reagan has managed to attract strong support from blue-collar voters so far, and liberal independents may be so unhappy with Carter they will stick with Anderson. If Carter loses both these groups, Reagan will have a strong chance of winning, and his chances will be enhanced further by the recession and any new botches Carter may make in foreign affairs. Yet Carter has proved a shrewd, tough campaigner so far this year—not above using the incumbency to its fullest or taking advantage of foreign crises. He also has managed to pound home the impression that he is an honest, upstanding Christian gentleman who will never lie—though he is perfectly capable of being totally committed to the hostage crisis one minute and out campaigning the next, according to political necessity. And finally, Jimmy Carter is lucky. His opponents, even when they seem strong, have a way of falling on their faces at the right moment. Anyone betting on the outcome of the Carter-Reagan election would be foolish to wager very much because the race gives every promise of being hard and close.

Morton Kondracke

What does the League of Women Voters want?

America's Mother Hen

It looked like the world's biggest PTA meeting, but the gathering of 1300 women at the Sheraton Washington hotel last week was only the national convention of those implacable do-gooders, the League of Women Voters. Unlike most convention-goers, these were an earnest and sober group. Although some time was allotted for the obligatory speeches by prominent

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How we're trimming our power sales growth rate

Nothing magic about it. We're simply giving high priority to energy conservation—researching and developing techniques, teaching and training, publicizing and promoting, teaming up with our consumer-owners to reduce energy requirements. Result: We lowered our annual rate of increase in kilowatt sales from an average of 10 percent a year for the decade 1965-75 to 5.8 by 1979.

Now, calling on the same kind of commitment to a goal that enabled electric cooperatives to power rural America more than 40 years ago, we're cutting that rate even further. We've budgeted nearly $25-million for 1980 conservation activities, and plan to devote more than two million employee hours to eliminating waste and emphasizing efficiency in the use of electricity.

It's no small job. Besides working with our long-time consumers, we're welcoming about a million new people on to our lines every year, and this movement back to the land shows every sign of continuing. Imagination and know-how help, as does our rural consumers' natural tendency to be careful with a kilowatt—they know better than most how precious energy is.

We rely heavily on personal visits, conducting and showing our members how to conduct energy audits, passing along hints, tips, and educational material, giving advice and assistance in every way we can.

We're big on weatherization, energy-related consumer loan programs, and load management projects. Many of us have installed utility-controlled devices to turn off certain high-demand electrical equipment, such as irrigation systems and water heaters, at specified times. In hundreds of other cases voluntary controls, where consumers learn to use kilowatt-hungry appliances and equipment during nonpeak periods, are proving effective.

And we practice what we preach, constantly reviewing our day-to-day operations with an eye to conserving energy.

We're working at conservation because it makes sense. Using energy resources wisely has always been a good idea—now it's imperative to stretch them out, to safeguard national well-being, security, and economic stability while finding lasting solutions to our country's grave energy problem.

You can count on us to keep at it. We know conservation works. We've got the figures to prove it.

America's 1000 rural electric systems report: Energy conservation works.

America's Consumer-owned Rural Electric Cooperatives and Power Districts

For more information about the ways we're conserving energy, write Dept R, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 1800 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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politicians, visits to Capitol Hill to meet with home-state congressmen, and even some sightseeing, the delegates were more concerned with the important League business before them: electing national officers, mapping plans for the coming years, and debating proposed changes in League bylaws. Most conventioneers have their fun sampling the city's night life after hours, but the delegates to this one clearly found nothing more enjoyable than the hours of parliamentary wrangling and floor debate that made up the daily business sessions.

All this was in the best tradition of the League, an outgrowth of the suffragette movement which this year celebrates its 60th birthday—"sixty years of a great idea," as the League puts it. Today it has 117,000 members in 1400 state and local leagues. Its popular image, not wholly undeserved, is of suburban housewives running voter-registration tables in shopping malls and sponsoring candidate debates over coffee and danish. But although the League is nonpartisan, it is not above politics. League members also lobby at all government levels on a variety of issues. League officials are particularly fond of pointing out that, unlike most lobbying organizations, its members join at the local level, making it a genuine grassroots organization.

The League of Women Voters is a latter-day manifestation of that modern 19th-century movement known as the "goo-goos"—a derisive abbreviation for Good Government Clubs. The roster of causes pressed by the League since 1920 reads like a checklist of respectable liberalism: Social Security, child labor laws, abolition of the spoils system, the League of Nations (and later the United Nations), civil rights, diplomatic recognition of mainland China, clean air and water, the Equal Rights Amendment, campaign finance reform, congressional representation for the District of Columbia . . . enough? No organization in America has been more consistently and stubbornly high-minded than the League of Women Voters, with its boundless faith in the rationality of *homo sapiens*. What other group could have taken pen in hand in 1970 to deliver this plea to President Nixon: "We urge you to listen with close attention to the voices of all the people—the young and the mature, the poor and the affluent, the farms, the suburbs, the cities, and the campuses"? Certainly no lobby group in Washington is more immune to the lure of sexy issues and more eager to take on thunderously dull ones. Recent League publications have dealt with a host of issues guaranteed to make the eyes glaze over, including hazardous waste disposal, federal coastal management and handling of municipal sludge.

At its best, the League serves to monitor government programs that no one cares much about but are nonetheless important, and to combat the casual but paralyzing cynicism that tends to infect citizens cursed with a bumbling and often venal government. At its worst, it merely sets out the boundaries of acceptable opinion for People Like Us. The League has no doubt that an informed and educated voting public makes for the best government. The reverse side of this coin is that it also tends to regard disagreement with its political views as the product of ignorance and prejudice. One North Carolina member patiently explained to me that Jesse Helms owed his electoral success largely to his appeal to illiterates, who she said make up 20 percent of the state's adult population. Occasionally the League brings to mind Jimmy Walker's characterization of a reformer as "a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat."

The League's character, of course, mirrors its composition. The membership is mostly white, mostly middle-aged, and mostly middle-class. No one stumbling by accident into a League meeting would mistake it for a militant organization of feminists, or even for a tepid one like the National Organization for Women: there is no radical wing of the League of Women Voters. There were no fundamental differences (or, for that matter, voices) raised even in the most vigorous debates at the convention. An intense floor fight over a proposal for the League to formulate a position on health care might have been expected to produce bitter arguments on the merits of a competitive market versus a nationalized system, but instead it focused on whether or not the League could afford to study the problem right now. The liveliest comments in a discussion of a possible study of land use issues were those expressing a vehement distaste for shopping malls, which everyone present seemed to share. At times the League indulges in the most embarrassing ladies-club clichés, as in a leaflet describing "League-Tested Recipes for Membership Success," including gems like this: "Mix together:

—one cup mildly interested potential members
—one cup actively involved Leagueers
—one membership chairperson
—one calendar of interesting, diverse programs

Pour the above mixture into a pastry made of equal parts of community concern and good fellowship laced with excellent publicity. . . ."

There are signs that the League's traditional approach to politics may have outlived its usefulness. Its membership has fallen from a peak of 157,000 in 1970 to its current level of 117,000, and the decline has yet to be arrested. Falling numbers naturally have meant a financial squeeze: almost every discussion of possible new ventures centered on how it would be paid for. If the League has served to advance the women's movement, it also has been victimized by its success. The League has seen its reservoir of energetic, well-educated housewives dry up, as many of them

Coming:
Stephen Chapman on
Carter's Cuban Non-Policy.

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have taken full-time jobs that leave little time for the volunteer work the League has always relied on (even the president serves without pay). The decline in membership also reflects the League's lack of success in attracting young women, many of whom may find the organization too bland and genteel. The proliferation of politically-minded public interest organizations has increased the competition for members. No doubt the League has been hurt particularly by the success of Common Cause, whose goals closely resemble the League's. Finally, of course, the League has been hampered by its image as a women's organization, even though it now admits men as full members. A proposal at the convention to change the League's name to reflect this change was soundly rejected, just as similar ones have lost at several previous conventions. So far only 3000 men have joined the League, and only four male delegates attended the convention.

But the League of Women Voters has something nobody else has: the presidential debates. The League first sponsored them in 1976, although state and local leagues have sponsored debates among candidates for lower offices for decades. This year it has held debates among candidates in the primary states of New Hampshire, Illinois, and Texas, and it plans more debates after the two parties hold their nominating conventions.

This year, however, the debates may be a curse as well as a blessing. In 1976 the League restricted the presidential debates to the nominees of the two major parties, excluding independent candidate Eugene McCarthy, among others. This decision fit nicely with the preferences of the television networks, which couldn't sponsor the debates themselves without running the risk of having to include minor-party candidates. Since the League was running things, though, the networks were able to pretend that they were merely covering the debates as a "news event," a transparent ruse to circumvent the equal time rule that the Federal Communications Commission sanctioned. The decision also served the interests of the major parties, which were unalterably opposed to giving any free publicity to McCarthy. It was not the League's finest hour.

This year the League faces a similar dilemma created by the independent candidacy of John Anderson. Excluding Anderson would be much more controversial than excluding McCarthy, since polls have given Anderson as much as 24 percent of the vote in a race against Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, and particularly since Anderson is bound to have a lot of supporters among League members. But admitting him would set a troublesome precedent for future debates, and might also make it hard for the League to exclude Libertarian party nominee Edward Clark, who probably will be on more state ballots than Anderson. Either decision is bound to make a lot of people angry, something the League isn't used to doing.

Rather than simply making a decision and accepting the consequences, the League has taken the easy way out. A few weeks ago it announced it would appoint an advisory committee to study the problem and make recommendations to the League's national board on what criteria should be used to admit candidates to the debates. The appointments so far augur ill for John Anderson. The "co-chairs" are former FCC chairman Newton Minow and former ambassador to Britain Anne Armstrong; the only other members announced are Republican national chairman Bill Brock and Democratic national chairman John White. Three of the four are present or former officials of one of the two major parties (Armstrong was a Republican national committeeman from Texas from 1968 to 1973 and co-chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1971-72). Minow was a member of the League's steering committee that made the decision to exclude McCarthy from the 1976 debates. The other members of the advisory committee will be announced in June.

This is certainly an instance where the League hasn't fully lived up to its traditional commitment to "foster education in citizenship," as one pamphlet puts it. To fob off the decision on the debates on an "advisory committee" suggests that the League itself lacks the judgment and courage to make up its own mind on a crucial question. The League should go beyond just admitting John Anderson to this year's debates. If the League really is interested in informing voters and encouraging participation in the political process, it should be going out of its way to give voters the chance to hear from unfamiliar parties and candidates. After all, the two major parties already have the resources to get their messages across to the voters; they wouldn't suffer if the League ceased to exist. Most citizens already are familiar with the policies of the Democratic and Republican parties. Most know next to nothing about other alternatives. It might hurt the major parties if the voters were less ignorant, but surely the League of Women Voters doesn't think the voters themselves would be worse off.

But that brings us to a more fundamental question: does the nation need a League of Women Voters anymore? The quaint notion that somehow women voters have unique needs is no longer reasonable, as the League's decision to accept men implicitly admits. The League's blithe confidence that the widespread diffusion of civics-class type knowledge invariably means better government is a more insidious danger, aggravating the traditional hostility of the average voter to coherent ideologies. But the League does perform some useful services, such as its voter registration drives, some of its lobbying, and even its debates. More important, though, is its continual effort to find and promote the shared values of Americans, to encourage consensus and harmony in the midst of deepening divisions, and to stress the importance of disinterested idealism in a cynical age—each of which serves the vital purpose of helping to hold American society together. The League is the mother hen of

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American politics—always exhorting us to be better than we'd like to be, always proud when we live up to her expectation. Like most mothers, the League is often tiresome, occasionally laughable, and usually too slow to question tradition. But like most mothers, it is also sincere, well-intentioned, and often right.

Stephen Chapman

"Death of a Princess" requires no apology.

Saudi Censors

An awe-inspiring lack of balance and perspective characterizes the current brouhaha in Britain over the adverse Saudi Arabian reaction to the televising of Anthony Thomas's film, "Death of a Princess." Public figures of high and low estate have been falling over themselves in their eagerness to proffer effusive apologies for the intolerable affront offered to Saudi sensibilities by the film's content, proclaiming at the same time their respect for the beauties of the Saudi penal code and their profound understanding of the sublime verities of Islam. Interspersed with these contrite protestations are plangent appeals to the Saudi government not to retaliate by canceling the lucrative contracts that British firms have secured in Saudi Arabia. The British fear of offending the Saudis has spread to the US. Public television stations in South Carolina, Houston, and Los Angeles have announced they will not air the film as scheduled on May 12.

What on earth has become of the fabled British imperturbability? Where is the languid indifference with which Britons were once wont to view the prejudices and susceptibilities of others? And would the Saudis themselves have assumed such a wrathful demeanor if they had not been encouraged to do so by the hubbub raised by their self-appointed champions?

Behind all the fuss and palaver lie two possibilities. Either the leading members of the Saudi royal family were genuinely and grievously offended by "Death of a Princess," or they saw the anxious scrambling by the British Foreign Office and British business interests to placate them as a splendid opportunity to turn the screw on the British government and remind it of its subservient place in the Saudi view of the world. (The two hypotheses, of course, are by no means mutually exclusive.) But even if the Saudis were deeply offended by the film, they knew full well that in the free societies of the West the power of governments to interfere with what is published or broadcast is severely limited.

It is absurd as well as dishonest for their sycophants in Britain to argue, as they have, that the Saudis simply cannot comprehend that the British government could not have banned the showing of "Death of a Princess." The Saudi royal house is thoroughly cognizant of the ways of Western society: hundreds of its members have visited the West (often for long periods of time), and scores of them, including the present foreign minister, the Amir Saud ibn Faisal, are Western-educated, as are thousands of their fellow-countrymen. It seems fairly certain, therefore, that when the Amir Saud gave the British ambassador to Saudi Arabia his marching orders, he was as much exhibiting the arrogant and overbearing disposition that has long marked the House of Saud as he was expressing displeasure at what was deemed an impertinent intrusion into private Saudi affairs.

Two things have been lost to sight amid the indignant bleating, the plaintive intoning of *mea culpas*, and the ritual prostrations in the direction of Riyadh by the functionaries of the British government and the editorial writers of the *Times*, the *Financial Times*, and the other Arabophile organs of the British press. (The *Times* in particular has been enjoying its finest hour since the 1930s, shrilly advocating the appeasement of everyone in sight between Riyadh and Tehran.) One is that a young woman of the royal house was actually put to death for an adulterous liaison with a commoner, while her unfortunate lover was decapitated. (See "Saudi Duty Time," *TNR*, February 11, 1978). The other is that Anglo-Saudi relations, the natural and traditional harmony of which is supposed to have been irrevocably damaged by the filmed reconstruction of the tragedy, were, in the days when Britain was ruled by men with a high sense of national honor, marked more by acrimony than by cordiality.

Death by stoning is the penalty prescribed by the *shari'a*, the law of Islam, for a woman taken in adultery. (It may be reduced, in certain circumstances, to 100 lashes.) Like the other drastic punishments laid down in the *shari'a* (flogging, mutilation, decapitation), it has been customarily enforced in Saudi Arabia since the beginning of the Wahhabi movement in the 18th century. As the ruler of Saudi Arabia is also *imam* of the Wahhabiya, a particular duty devolves upon him to see that the provisions of the *shari'a*, in all its aspects, are duly observed by the populace. Recently, however, under the impact of vast oil wealth, the obligation would appear to have been honored, so far as the Saudi ruling classes are concerned, as much in the breach as in the observance. Why, then, the exception in the case of the young princess, with all the attendant gruesome panoply of a public execution?

The princess (named Mish'al or Misha', according to different versions) was the 19-year-old granddaughter of the Amir Muhammad ibn Abdul Aziz, the eldest surviving son of the old King Ibn Saud. Amir Muhammad is, by repute, of somewhat unstable character and irascible disposition, which is presumably why he has been passed over twice in the succession to the throne. It may well be that, on discovering his granddaughter's transgression, he ordered her death in a fit of rage. But under the *shari'a*, a sentence of death can only be handed down by a *qadi*, or judge, in a *shari'a*

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court. Certain conditions must obtain if the accusation is to be regarded as juridically admissible, and there must be four male witnesses to the act of adultery—though not necessarily at one and the same time, or to a single act. The law also dwells at entertaining length upon the clinical details that the witnesses are required to furnish about the accomplishment of the act of intercourse.

Whether Princess Misha'al was tried and adjudged guilty by a *shari'a* court is unknown. So also are the circumstances surrounding the condemnation of her lover. Was he tried and sentenced to death, and if so under what provisions of the *shari'a*? It has to be remembered that the concept of adultery, in the modern Western sense, is unknown to Islamic law. A wife has no exclusive right on the person of her husband. Extra-marital intercourse on her part, however, is regarded as a crime because it offends against religion, and as such it has to be punished. Even so, why did the Saudi royal family make a public spectacle of the execution of Princess Misha'al and her lover? There have been, and still are, discontented murmurings in Saudi Arabia about the Al Sauds' excessive indulgence in luxury, their infatuation with ways and things Western, and their consortings with infidels—all of which are said to have led them to neglect their fundamental duty to uphold the primacy of Islam in their private affairs as well as in the affairs of the kingdom. (The most forceful expression of this discontent was the seizure of the Great Mosque at Mecca last November by several hundred Wahhabi fanatics.) It may not be too much to suggest, therefore, that Princess Misha'al's execution was intended to serve as a dramatic refutation of accusations that the House of Saud was delinquent in its application of the sterner precepts of the *shari'a* to its own members. As for Misha'al's lover, his beheading may have been simply an act of vengeance, an exaction under the ancient *lex talionis*, or a punishment for the crime of *lèse majesté*. In either case, it was designed to serve as a deterrent to the regime's critics.

The high-handed dismissal of the British ambassador last month and the threats to review Britain's trading connections with Saudi Arabia may also have been prompted by calculations about the effect they might have on two separate constituencies: the Saudi Arabian people, to whom the ruling family's actions would be a demonstration of its contempt for and power over Western infidels; and the governments of those Western countries, the United States in particular. If the British government, which the Saudis obviously considered to be a soft touch, could be easily intimidated, then, so they reckoned, other Western governments could be coerced similarly into prohibiting the transmission of the film. Indeed, there are signs that the Saudi calculation is beginning to have the desired effect in the US. The South Carolina Educational Television Network, in an act of undisguised loyalty to former governor and current ambassador to Saudi Arabia John C. West, canceled "Death of a Princess" on its five stations throughout the state. KLCS-TV in Los Angeles followed suit, and the station manager of Houston's KUHT-TV explained his station's decision not to air the film by declaring that "we just don't believe it's in the national interest," according to a recent report in the *New York Times*. The Mobil Corporation, much of whose oil comes from Saudi Arabia, published an advertisement in the *Times* calling on the Public Broadcasting Service not to air the docudrama. Mobil has provided financing for several ambitious projects of PBS. Some of the stations showing the film will follow it up with a program giving opponents an opportunity for rebuttal, not at all a common occurrence. This is a lesser manifestation of the power of oil than outright censorship, but it is striking nonetheless.

Whatever the true explanation of the reasons for the tragic deaths of Princess Misha'al and her lover may be, there is no denying that the deaths actually occurred, and that the incident says a lot about the character both of Saudi society and of the ruling house. It has been all the more sickening, therefore, to witness the display of hypocrisy with which some British politicians and businessmen, and certain sections of the British press, have responded to the Saudi government's blustering protests about Anthony Thomas's film. None of the critics remarked upon—if they even noticed—the skill with which Thomas evoked the atmosphere of urban life in modern Arabia, more particularly the oppressive and sinister face of Saudi officialdom—outwardly bland, equivocal, even ingratiating at times, while underneath, never far from the surface, lurks a consuming urge to break the rod across a suppliant's back.

A persistent theme in all the *blague* that has been uttered on the subject is that relations between Britain and Saudi Arabia have long been amicable, marked by mutual respect and admiration. Nothing could be farther from the truth. From the early years of the 19th century up the eve of Britain's departure from the Persian Gulf in 1971, Anglo-Saudi relations had been consistently cool, distant, and mutually suspicious. While the Saudis strove throughout this period of a century and a half to bring the greater part of Arabia under their domination, the British resisted their attempts whenever these threatened the peace of the Gulf or the security of the small sheikhdoms along the Arabian shore. British resistance began to weaken, however, after World War II, as the permanent officials of the Foreign Office came to exercise more and more influence over the conduct of British policy in Arabia. Their hour of triumph came in 1971 when they procured Britain's withdrawal from the Gulf, leaving the sheikhdoms to fend for themselves against the Saudis. Since then, appeasement has regulated the conduct of British relations with Saudi Arabia, growing in strength with each passing year. It is a policy

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evidently very much to the taste of the foreign secretary, Lord Carrington, just as it was to that of his predecessor in office, the Labour party's David Owen.

When news of Princess Misha'al's execution first came to the attention of the outside world some two years ago, Owen delivered himself of a few uncomplimentary remarks about the Saudi judicial system. A mere 48 hours later, when it had become clear that the Saudi government had not taken his remarks very kindly, he made a groveling apology for his temerity in commenting upon matters that were none of his concern. Likewise, as soon as Thomas's film was shown in Britain, Carrington hastened to express his regret to the Saudis for any offense it may have given them. A couple of weeks later he and his deputy, Sir Ian Gilmour, the Lord Privy Seal (who earlier had brought pressure on ATV England to prevent the showing of the film), led a doleful antiphon in Parliament about the damage done to Britain's "close political and economic relationship" with Saudi Arabia and to "the friendship which has characterized Anglo-Saudi relations in the past."

Carrington and Gilmour are both notorious for their pro-Arab sentiments. (So is James Craig, the expelled British ambassador to Saudi Arabia, which makes his expulsion from that country one of those enjoyable diplomatic ironies occasionally sent to cheer us up.) Before his appointment to the Foreign Office last year Gilmour had an interest in a company established to channel financial investments from the Gulf states. His son David is the deputy editor of *Middle East International*, a magazine published in London by the Council for the Advancement of Arab-British Understanding, a body whose *raison d'être* is indicated by its treacly title and whose activities are marked equally by sycophancy toward the Arabs and antipathy to Israel. Carrington's eldest son, Rupert, is employed by Morgan Grenfell, a merchant bank deeply involved in Arab financial transactions. Another employee of Morgan Grenfell is David Douglas Home, the son of the former prime minister and foreign secretary, Lord Home. Several former members of the British diplomatic service are also to be found immersed in the murky waters of "recycled" Arab oil funds.

To draw attention to these facts is not to imply that the occupations of Carrington's, Gilmour's, and Home's sons should be used as a stick with which to belabor their fathers. What is being suggested is that the employment of the sons of ministers of the Crown in so corrupt an environment as that which surrounds the deployment of Arab oil money indicates a lamentable want of judgment and sense of political propriety on the part of their fathers. We have only to look about us today to see the degree of debasement that Arab oil money has caused in Western society and politics over the past 10 years. If such degradation can occur in so short a time, what on earth will be our condition 10 years hence? The indignation now being vented in Britain over the offense given the Saudi royal family by a television film would be better directed at those who have brought us to our present ignominious pass *vis à vis* the plutocrats of Arabia.

J. B. Kelly

J. B. Kelly is a British historian of the Middle East. He is the author of the forthcoming *Arabia, the Gulf and the West* (Basic Books).

The king is dead.

Tito's Toughest Act

In neighboring countries, people believed that Josip Tito had died several weeks ago. They believed that Belgrade authorities tried to cushion the impact by declaring him ill and issuing increasingly pessimistic medical bulletins. Shades of Suleiman II, the 16th-century Ottoman sultan who died on the eve of a battle with the Austrians, but whose body was propped up on his steed to lead his troops to victory.

Tito was a folk hero whose bronze statue could preside over a town square anywhere in Eastern Europe—that heap of states wedged between Russia and Germany, with one end exposed to the Middle East and the other to Scandinavia. His great fortune was that he was born in a country without a common border with Russia. Thus he avoided the fate of Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka, catapulted to the top by the uprising of 1956 and then disgraced as just another party hack; or of Hungary's Imre Nagy, executed in 1957 for refusing to be coopted by the Russian invaders; or of Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubcek, silenced and forced into internal exile after that brief spring of 1968.

Tito was a lion who retrained himself as a fox. His was a unique transformation in a region that celebrates its fighters for independence but lives under *apparatchiks* who know how to deal with a great power patron. All his life he was a winner. He left the poverty of his native village to become an iron-worker, the classic craft of Eastern European social revolutionaries and one that paid relatively well. The dapper *gastarbeiter* in Vienna converted to bolshevism as a prisoner of war in Russia; Stalin's hatchetman purging communist ranks in Spain's civil war turned into the most dangerous heretic Moscow faced since Leon Trotsky; the *partizan* fighting the armies of Hitler and Mussolini emerged as a founding father of non-alignment and an advocate for a peaceful resolution of international conflicts. At home, his propaganda machinery played up the constant growth of Yugoslavia's prestige abroad; in his travels around the world, he stressed that an independent Yugoslavia is an indispensable ingredient of international order and stability.

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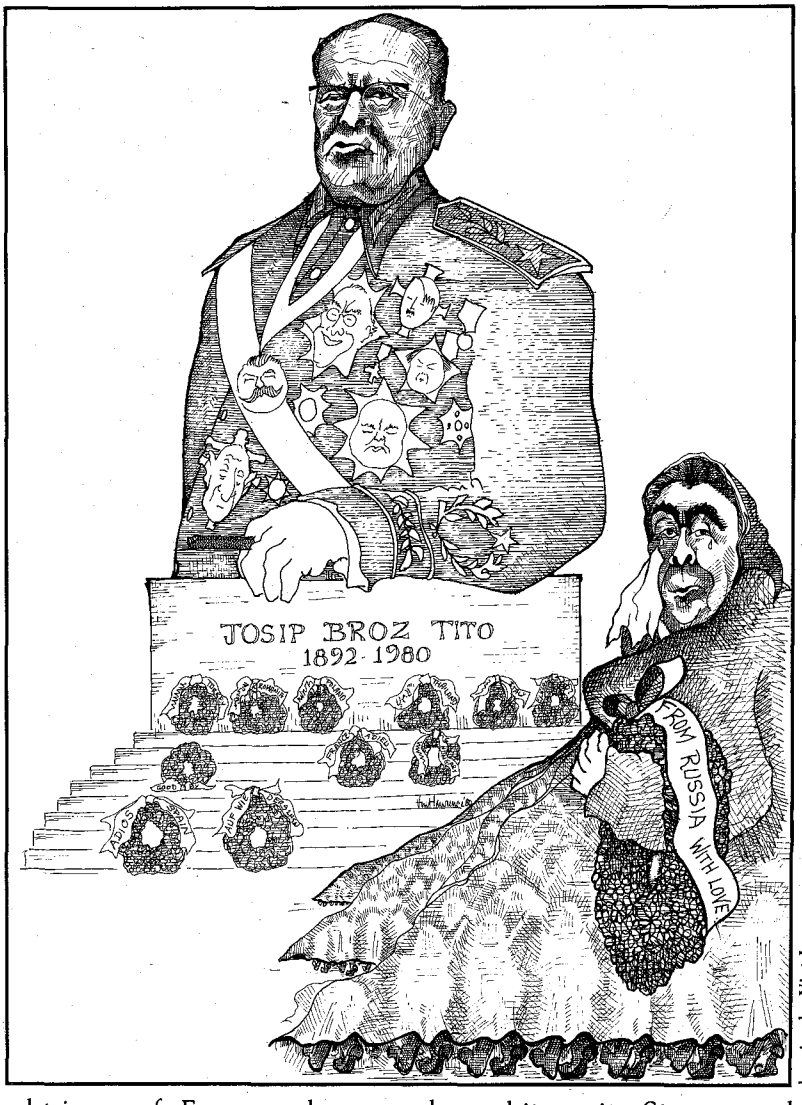
Stiff and uncomfortable with people outside his circle of personal friends, Tito was not a practitioner of personal diplomacy in Henry Kissinger's manner. What lent weight to his counsel was his astonishing record: no one else succeeded in defying both Hitler and Stalin. The guerrilla war he led against the *Wehrmacht* was endlessly memorialized in books, movies, plaques, and annual gatherings. The conflict with Stalin was frequently invoked, its degree of obliqueness depending on the state of relations with Moscow.

In Eastern Europe, Tito supplied the model for a national road to communism, a deviation that Moscow did not stop attacking even after Nikita Khrushchev's journey of reconciliation to Belgrade in 1955. It was the Yugoslav embassy to which leaders of the Hungarian revolution fled after the Russian invasion. The Russians violated the pledge of safe conduct they gave to the Yugoslav government, but they accepted Tito's advice to pick Janos Kadar, a survivor of Stalinist purges, to head the Hungarian party. Tito backed the liberals in Prague, developed an entente with independent-minded Romania, and welcomed Eurocommunism. But in his own one-party state, there was no room for dissent, and even his old friends from *partizan* days—Milovan Djilas the best known among them—were silenced or jailed for expressing views on the Soviet Union different from his.



drawing by Vint Lawrence

Tito was born a Croatian subject of the multi-ethnic Austro-Hungarian empire and fought in its army in World War I, the war launched to end South Slav nationalism proclaimed by Serbia and instigated by Russia. After emerging, with British help, as Yugoslavia's strongman, Tito devoted the last 30 years of his life to encouraging peaceful coexistence among his South Slavs and advising the West to pursue detente. As a young man, he was a restless traveler, first looking for a trade, then engaged in the communist underground, changing passports and identities. As head of state, he was a frequent foreign guest touring Warsaw Pact and NATO states, the third world and European neutrals. His Kremlinological perceptions influenced successive US administrations, but there is no evidence that the Russians paid much attention to his commentaries on the West. In the 1950s, he toyed with the notion of mediating between Gamal Abdul Nasser and David Ben Gurion. He never forgave Israel for his failure. He built up special relationships with Arab states, and, after the 1967 war, followed Moscow's lead in severing diplomatic ties with Israel.

He was a good businessman, always making sure that his foreign visits resulted in more trade for his country. He was also as vain as an archduke, with a preference for impeccable white silk suits on public occasions—he might have been the only person in the communist half of Europe who owned a white suit. Statues and paintings and photographs portrayed him as a powerfully built, youthful *partizan*, with sharp good looks unaffected by age and luxurious living.

He loved welcoming ceremonies, motorcades, and banquets. He was a gracious host, frequently entertaining foreign dignitaries and celebrities in his sumptuous private island in the Adriatic, inherited from Mussolini, or in one of his many hunting lodges. His servants and bodyguards (he was never without a large contingent of both) were well trained and well dressed. He lived like royalty.

Many of his fellow countrymen and others in Eastern Europe have dismissed as propaganda the official biography, which lists his parents as "honest toilers" in Kumrovec, a poor Croatian village in northwestern Yugoslavia. One persistent rumor is that he was a Russian, or at least a Ukrainian. He did have a strange accent, particularly as his voice came over the guerrilla radio. Another story claims that he was the illegitimate son of an Austrian aristocrat, if not a Hapsburg; which would explain his stay in Vienna prior to World War I, his learning to play the piano there, a fastidiousness exemplified by his insistence on shaving every day even when hiding in the mountains during World War II, and his fondness for expensive rings, snow-white horses,

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and the minutiae of protocol.

His greatest achievement was a truly fair-minded nationality policy that kept together his federation of six constituent republics and two autonomous regions—a country more artificial than any of its neighbors, with more nationalities than any other country in Europe except for Russia and more disposed to break out in ethnic violence than most. The measure of his success will be Yugoslavia's survival as one nation.

Tito gave his people a degree of self-respect no other Eastern Europeans have. Yugoslavs are proud of their army and their prosperity, and look down upon other East European states poorer than Yugoslavia and dependent on Moscow. But the Soviets are at least as confident as the Yugoslavs that they cannot lose: they can wait and wait. They *have* waited since 1948 for the right moment and circumstances to draw Yugoslavia back into their orbit.

Jimmy Carter's rhetoric about US assistance to defend Yugoslavia's territorial integrity concerns direct intervention. But one can't help wondering about Carter's credibility and the kind of support reserved in Washington for fiercely independent nations. Russian diplomats are equally capable of crudeness and subtlety, and they have many options between diplomatic and economic pressures on one hand and an invasion by the Red Army or its surrogates in Hungary and Bulgaria on the other.

During World War II and immediately after, Tito was merciless with his rivals. The forces led by him and his fellow resistance leader Draja Mihailovitch, a royalist general, probably killed more Yugoslavs than did the German invaders they both fought. Was the casualty figure 500,000, one million, or two million? In this series of violence and reprisals, charges and countercharges of collaboration and betrayal, there is no reliable body count, no observer's middle ground, no objectivity.

There are still ambushes on the streets of Los Angeles, Dusseldorf, and Stockholm, and rallies in émigré communities pledge Croatian independence or death, as well as liberation from the communist yoke. Plenty of Serbs and Croats born since World War II are prepared to carry on a blood feud that is as real as the Kremlin's determination to settle a score with a dissident. To say that nothing will change in Yugoslavia after Tito's death is to believe that Tito will go on living.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi's latest book is *Splendor in Exile* (New Republic Books).

The middle class is under house arrest.

Prisoners of Real Estate

by James K. Glassman

It's a nice place in Chevy Chase with four bedrooms. Tulips and azaleas grow in the front yard, and trees arch over the quiet street. In fact, it's a *very* nice place. The dirty little secret is that I don't own it. I rent. I send a check each month to Snider Brothers Realty, which eventually gets passed on to my landlord, a foreign service officer who's stationed in Poland. I don't get a tax deduction. I'm not building equity. I'm not gleaning big profits from the Real Estate Boom. To put it bluntly, I missed the boat. While my contemporaries, the ones who railed against the Vietnam War and big business and private property in the 1960s, were buying shells on Capitol Hill in the 1970s, I was squandering my hard-earned money on steak dinners at The Palm, sure things at Aqueduct, and Xerox options (on the verge of doubling) on the Chicago Exchange.

Now all my friends are rich. Curiously, they want me to be rich too. "It's not too late," one of them, a lawyer at the Federal Trade Commission, told me the other day. "Remember, you thought it was too late in 1975, and look what happened." He's right. If I had bought a house in Foggy Bottom for $69,000 in 1975, it would have been worth $155,500 in 1979—or at least that's what Rufus S. Lusk & Son, a company that compiles this sort of statistic, reported the other day. And the median selling price of a house in the area just east of Dupont Circle was $64,000 in 1975; $200,000 in 1979.

"Sure," I reply to my lawyer friend. "You say that now. Hindsight. Maybe you'll suggest I should have bet on Genuine Risk last week in the Kentucky Derby. Or

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maybe I should have bought gold a few years ago at $100 an ounce." I am wise and cynical. I put on a brave front. But the truth is that the whole subject of real estate fills me with anxiety. Have I blown my big chance to retire on the Riviera, sipping Lillet in the noonday sun?

I think about a Victorian house in New Orleans that I almost bought five years ago—the only house I ever trooped through with a real estate agent as guide. It was $70,000 then. What is it worth now? Two hundred thousand? More? In my nightmares, the house is being advertised in the classified section of next Sunday's *Times-Picayune* for half a million, with inspection by appointment only.

But there's another dirty little secret about real estate. We renters aren't the only ones with Victorian nightmares. The folks who own all of those valuable townhouses on Capitol Hill that have tripled in value in six years are scared too. Probably more scared than we are. They haven't taken their profits, and they probably never will. They are still at the table, letting their winnings (and their borrowings) ride on the red one more time. They can't cash in their chips for two reasons: first, they don't want to pay capital gains taxes, and second, if they sell their valuable house and take the profits, what are they going to do? Rent?

So they jabber constantly about real estate to keep their spirits up. They talk about who bought what, whose house is on the market, where to get a good plumber. But they're worried: "Is it true that the house like ours around the corner went for $150,000? *Only* $150,000?" As Richard Reeves wrote in *Esquire* last year: "The class distinction of the 1980s is going be between those who talk real estate and those who talk sports."

Among those who talk real estate is my friend who's a reporter for the *Washington Star*. He's made sacrifices. He and his wife, who works for the Food and Drug Administration, make about $50,000 a year between them. In 1974 they bought a house in Cleveland Park for $40,000. They sold it for $70,000 and parlayed the profits into a Capitol Hill townhouse for $150,000. Now they've traded up again, into the big time—Georgetown—for $260,000 with a $160,000 mortgage at 14 percent. Their payments are $2000 a month, leaving them about $150 a week to live on after taxes. "We eat a lot of chicken salad sandwiches," says the reporter, "and we've decided we can't afford kids for a while. But we think what we're doing is important."

"Important" is not the adjective I would have chosen to describe this way of life, but I understand what he means. He wants to accumulate wealth, and he can't do it as a working stiff. Real estate is the ticket, and the payoff is a big dinner party at home with salmon mousse and sauce verte. A few weeks ago, in an effort to understand the romance of real estate, I started reading V.S. Naipaul's *A House for Mr. Biswas*:

> He thought of the house as his own, though for years it had been irretrievably mortgaged. And during these months of illness and despair he was struck again and again by the wonder of being in his own house, the audacity of it: to walk in through his own front gate, to bar entry to whoever he wished, to close his doors and windows every night, to hear no noises except those of his family, to wander freely from room to room. . . .

Then I tried to think about which of my friends in the real estate class felt that way about their houses. Not one of them. A friend who works for a trade association would sell his place off Dupont Circle in a minute if he thought he could get a good price for it and buy something else quickly and cheaply (fast enough to avoid capital gains). A house is a means. The good life—but with lots of style—is the end. Along the way, you have to cut corners. You stay home and cook instead of going out. You might take in a movie, but most of the time you sit at home and watch "Masterpiece Theatre." You do a lot of gardening and painting and fixing up. You might buy a videotape machine or put in a conversation pit. It isn't a particularly exciting life, but merely by living in your house, you're making money—despite those mortgage payments of $50 a day.

There are other sacrifices as well. Seven years ago, a friend of mine from New Orleans, a man with a well-developed social conscience, bought three cute little Creole cottages off St. Charles Avenue for $40,000. He and his wife would fix them all up, paint them yellow, light blue, and pink; they would live in one and rent the others. The problem was that six families already were living in the houses—black laborers who worked on the docks. They paid $60 or $70 a month in rent, and clearly they had to go. These were $300 properties. So my friend held his nose and evicted them.

In the same way, the real estate class has no use for drug clinics in the neighborhood, for property taxes, for quaint bars or the trappings of progress. They climb on board and pull up the ladder. In fact, there's a good case to be made that real estate rose in value during the 1970s not because land suddenly became scarce or because "real estate always goes up" but because restrictions were placed on new building: strict zoning laws, sewerage moratoriums, height limitations, rent control, and the rest. Although the intention of these regulations was to make life cleaner and better, their effect was to limit the supply of housing and to benefit those who already had theirs.

But what exactly do they have? Forty thousand dollars in equity in a $200,000 house and no other assets but the Toyota and the tax write-offs. I visited New Orleans just after Christmas and stopped by the houses of two friends—both lawyers—who had traded up. They lived in grand five-bedroom style in the Garden District. But something struck me about both their houses: there was an echo. The houses were practically empty. In the room off the entrance hall were two forlorn chairs. In the enormous living room, a single couch and a funny low table. The blond Norwegian wood, I suppose, comes later. It's a pattern just the opposite of what prevailed 10 or 20 years ago:

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people would get married, move into an apartment, have a kid, outgrow the apartment, move into a small house, have another kid or two, accumulate furniture, outgrow *that* house, and move into a larger house where they'd stay the rest of their lives. Today, they get married on combined salaries of $60,000 or so and move into the largest house they can afford. Real estate not only provides their conversation, it circumscribes their lives.

They are obsessed with money. The real estate class—this new middle class—will talk about a little bistro they've found and recite the menu: "The sole was just nine dollars, the veal was $11.50. . . ." Their tales of travels in Europe are spiced with anecdotes about little hotels where a room cost only $20 or a money-changer on the rue Scribe who gave you 4.573 francs for a dollar. I don't remember this obsession being the bourgeois ideal 10 years ago. I always thought that the idea was *not* to talk about money.

Of course, sometimes you can't help it. Another friend, who has more than $100,000 in equity in his $200,000 house, told me on April 14 he had a $5000 tax bill to pay and no money to pay it. He was expecting some cash at the end of the month. Should he kite a check, or go to a pawnbroker? It was true, wasn't it, that the IRS took at least two weeks to process tax returns mailed on April 15?

Homeowners aren't the only people forced into poverty by the real estate boom. I know secretaries who spend $400 a month—two-thirds of their take-home pay—on downtown apartments. An alternative is to live in a group house in the suburbs: four strangers, each taking one bedroom of a white brick colonial in Bethesda and paying $175 a month for a $700 rental. Around the corner from me in Chevy Chase, an Iranian graduate student makes extra cash by renting a house for $600 and then re-renting parts of it for an average of $200. The student lives free, and she makes a profit of $200 a month. Her tenants, however, are miserable. They share the kitchen and the living room and the bathroom, but it's nothing like "How to Marry a Millionaire" or even a commune in the 1960s.

The truth is that the real estate boom is not making anyone rich, except perhaps the people who bought houses for $20,000 in the 1950s not as investments but as places to live. The mortgage is paid off, they sell the three-bedroom place in Wesley Heights for $185,000, get a senior-citizen tax exemption on the capital gains, and move to Florida. Members of the new real estate class, meanwhile, live on Capitol Hill (meaning 20 blocks from the Capitol) with a Great Dane in the kitchen and bars on the windows, putting off vacations and telling everyone about their windfall profits.

There have been times, in my desperation as a renter who's missed the boat, when I've been tempted to call up my friends who live on Capitol Hill and throw a little Marx at them (surely they remember Marx from college days?). Or perhaps a passage from Leonard Downie's jeremiad on speculation, *Mortgage on America*, written in 1974: "There are those who look at the sprawl and decay of our cities and see in them golden opportunity: the opportunity to make big money, often very quickly, and to protect from taxation the money they already have. . . . To all of them the foreboding megalopolis of the urban critic's nightmare is really *profitopolis*." But such passages probably would only draw embarrassed chuckles today from Downie's colleagues on the *Washington Post* and from other members of the real estate class.

The problem is there aren't going to be any profits. The urban real estate boom of the 1970s—like the booms in Chicago in 1837, in California in 1888, and in Florida in 1926—is an aberration. And like those other booms, it will go bust. Prices, in both financial and commodity markets, do not go up at a spectacular pace forever, or even for more than a few years. They are subject to a phenomenon called "regression toward the mean." In other words, if stock prices suddenly increase at a rate two or three times their usual rate, then it's likely thay they'll fall shortly thereafter.

My friends with big mortgages and paper profits may be surprised to learn that between 1890 and 1977, prices of new houses in the US increased an average of just three percent a year; adjusted for depreciation, the increase is just 1.7 percent annually. Stocks over the same period increased 4.3 percent, not including dividend income. Now it could be that we've entered a new era. But small investors who lost all their money in the Florida land boom of the 1920s probably believed that too.

The main reason that real estate prices rose so much during the 1970s was that the middle class suddenly needed a tax shelter for the first time in history. The effect of inflation on a graduated income tax system is to push families into higher and higher marginal tax brackets—even if they aren't increasing their purchasing power. The higher the tax bracket, the more important shelters become. According to a Library of Congress study, in 1965 seven percent of the population was in a tax bracket of 25 percent or higher; in 1975, 29 percent of the population was. Look at it another way. In 1969, a family with taxable income of $15,000 a year was in a 25 percent tax bracket (married, filing jointly); in 1979, the same family earning $30,000 a year—the same amount of money, after inflation—was in a 37 percent bracket. In other words, a tax

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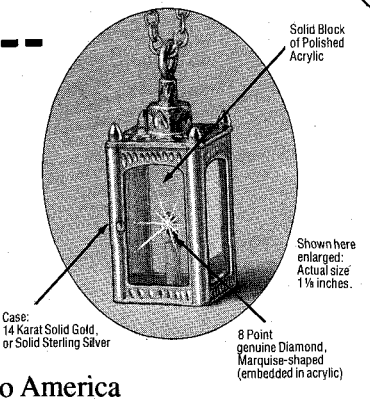
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deduction of any sort was worth 48 percent more to the 1979 family than to the 1969 family. And the deduction that homeowners get on the interest they pay on their mortgage is the only substantial deduction the middle class can use.

But won't inflation keep pushing people into higher and higher tax brackets? It's doubtful. Inflation already has begun to moderate, and in the meantime, Congress has begun cracking down on tax breaks to homeowners. The Congressional Budget Office reported in February that the US Treasury would lose $14.8 billion in revenues during 1981 because of the interest deduction on home mortgages. It proposed a tax credit as a substitute that would cut the loss by about one billion dollars a year. But more important, in its report the CBO also pointed out that the interest deduction "has been incorporated into prices and investment decisions throughout the economy." In other words, the tax break—coupled with inflation—is what has made house prices so high in recent years. Decrease the break a little and prices will level off, or even fall.

If I owned a house right now, I would sell it, take the profits, and fly off to Europe for a long time. I would consider myself very lucky rather than very smart—as though I had won six or seven times in a row at the roulette table. I would realize that I was an amateur up against professionals and that in the end the house always wins. But who am I to give advice? I missed the boat. I rent.

His 'simple' world view is truer than Carter's 'complex' one.

Reagan Without Tears

by Robert W. Tucker

It is now as certain as almost anything can be in this year of uncertainty that the effective choice before us in November will be between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. John Anderson's challenge may adversely affect the prospects for Carter's reelection. Even so, the choice between Carter and Reagan will remain. Only its outcome may be altered. This is the political reality against which many have already voiced marked unhappiness, and not least *The New Republic*. A mid-April poll by the *New York Times* and CBS finds almost half the public dissatisfied with a Carter-Reagan choice. The press has both stimulated and reinforced this outlook with one columnist after the other bemoaning our fate.

But in politics, as in life, one must start from where one is, not from where one might prefer to be. This truism should be taken more seriously at present than most of us are inclined to do. Whatever the improvements that might be made in the presidential selection process, they must await another year. In the meantime, the choice we have is the choice that must engage us. It is the choice that must engage us above all because of the now unmistakable gravity of the nation's foreign relations. Even if inflation does overshadow all else in November, it is in foreign policy that the differences between the president and his Republican challenger will have the greatest significance.

This judgment reflects more than the professional bias of the foreign affairs analyst. It expresses the daily reality in which we must perforce live, a reality that we are brutally reminded of by the emergence of an international crisis. A president may be unable to carry through a modest legislative program, but he nevertheless possesses the power to involve us in nuclear war. The observation is no less important for being commonplace. In foreign policy, by his actions, or inaction, a president may dispose completely of our sacred lives and fortune. There is an enormous disparity between the effective power the chief executive has in domestic policy and the effective power he has in matters of war and peace. Nor can this disparity be substantially reduced by institutional constraints the legislature may attempt to impose on the executive. For the imperatives of foreign policy are such that they often cannot be made compatible with these constraints, however much a president may desire to make them so. Furthermore, the overriding issues of domestic economic policy cannot be effectively addressed in isolation from developments in the world beyond the nation.

It follows that the candidates should be judged in the first place in terms of their respective views of America's role in the world of the 1980s and, of course, in terms of our assessment of their aptitude and competence in the conduct of the nation's foreign policy. Yet it is precisely in the general area of foreign policy that both candidates appear the most vulnerable. Since President Carter has a record, his vulnerability stems in largest measure from what he has already done. Mr. Reagan's vulnerability is of a different order. In his case, it is what he might do if elected.

If there is any case at all to be made for the record of the Carter administration in foreign policy, it must rest mostly on the position this administration in-

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herited in taking office. The principal legator of that inheritance, Henry Kissinger, has since employed his considerable talents to indict his heirs for mindlessly squandering what was, we are to understand, a still handsome patrimony. The effort has not been persuasive. The decline in power and position that is so apparent today was already well advanced by 1977.

The Carter administration was left to deal with the consequences of the Nixon-Kissinger "new structure of peace," a structure that rested upon no more solid a foundation than detente, 1972 version. It also was left to cope with our growing vulnerability to Soviet arms and to Persian Gulf oil. Encumbered at the outset with these serious problems, the Carter administration responded by refusing to take them seriously. During almost the first half of his term, the president not only failed to address the momentous and imminent threats to the nation's security and well-being, but seemed quite incapable of seeing them for what they were. The awakening occurred only in 1979, and even then it was, and remains today, fitful.

The results of this persisting failure to confront the great problems of American foreign policy are now only too apparent. The vulnerabilities that were already dangerous in 1977 are today the cause of deep anxiety among all but the willfully complacent. Perhaps worse, American credibility among both adversaries and allies has declined to a level that is without precedent in the post-World War II period. The seriousness of this decline can scarcely be exaggerated, since its consequences in the end may compel the choice between either conceding vital interests or stumbling into a war that might otherwise have been readily avoided.

The failure of the Carter administration in foreign policy now elicits a degree of consensus at home and abroad that is also without precedent in the post-World War II period. Rather than repeat what is by this time a well-known litany of error, it is more instructive to ask why the record has been so poor. The question is important because we need some basis for anticipating what might happen were there to be a second Carter administration.

The prevailing response of critics to the question of why the Carter foreign policy record has been so poor is to point to a lack of focus. The administration, it has been said repeatedly, has no coherent view of American interests and of the priority to be attached to those interests. Instead, Carter administration foreign policy has reflected in turn and on occasion even at the same time the divergent views of officials—whether a Vance, Brzezinski, Young, etc.—who have fought for the president's soul. Unwilling or unable to resolve once and for all these policy differences, Carter instead has merely reflected them. The result is a foreign policy that has been and remains unclear, inconsistent, unpredictable, and, throughout, inept.

There is some merit in this criticism. But it is not true that the characteristic traits of the Carter foreign policy have reflected the absence of a world view in the president's mind, a view that can be and has been coherently articulated. Carter quite clearly has a world view. The difficulty is that his view has proven irrelevant and worse. It has not responded to the often harsh realities of the world. It is a view that has assumed harmonies where none have existed, that has found restraint on the part of others where there has not been such restraint, and that has placed a faith in the effectiveness of methods that have not been effective while shrinking from methods that often cannot be avoided if foreign policy is to prove effective.

The president must be aware by now that his view of the world is somehow flawed. He must know that the major policies he has pursued, which largely reflected this view, have not succeeded. In the immediate wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, he even permitted an unguarded public expression of his rude awakening. Yet he remains unable to break from his world of desire. In the manner almost of a schizophrenic, he now lives uneasily in two worlds without really belonging to either. Torn between the world he still wants and the world he now realizes he can no longer simply spirit away, he often appears nearly immobilized, especially when he is confronted with the prospect of threatening or employing military power.

Observers have commented on Carter's seeming inability to think in large strategic terms. His handling of the Iranian crisis has been singled out as affording a striking example of this inability. But it strains the limits of credulity to accept that the president failed to appreciate, in however rough terms, the strategic significance of the shah's downfall and the emergence of a hostile regime in Tehran. Similarly, it strains credulity to assume that the president failed to appreciate the broader significance for American interests in appearing unable to compel release of the hostages. What the successive administration reactions to the unfolding Iranian crisis clearly do show is that the president remains unwilling and probably unable to make up his mind about the world in which he must live, and above all about power and its uses.

Would a second Carter administration promise a substantial improvement over the first in the conduct of foreign policy? The question cannot be addressed usefully by speculating on the foreign affairs bureaucracy of a second administration. The principal thrust of Carter's foreign policy would be no more the product of this bureaucracy in the future than it has been in the past. The advisers he has surrounded himself with in the past are those has found congenial to his outlook. If they have not always been of one mind, it is because Carter has not been of one mind. A second Carter administration, like the first, would continue to reflect the president's outlook and preferences.

The strongest argument put forward to date for Carter's reelection is that he has learned a great deal in the past three and a half years. The presidency, we are constantly reminded, is a great learning experience and Carter always has been a very good student. This consideration alone, it is urged, is reason enough to prefer the president to his Republican opponent. All other things remaining the same, the argument runs, better a second-term than a first-term president.

The critical consideration, though, is not how much Carter has learned, but what he has learned and, of course, failed to learn. No one doubts his impressive knowledge of fact and detail; it is apparent in his press conferences. The president is the master of a thousand facts. This mastery, however, has not prevented very serious misjudgments in policy. The knowledge required for successful decisions in critical issues of foreign policy is of a different order from the knowledge of which the president is an acknowledged master. This other knowledge, of the nature of power and its effective uses, is not complex. At the same time, it is not easily learned by many otherwise intelligent persons, or else the president would have grasped it long ago. He did not do so, however, and there is still very little evidence that even now he has done so. Yet without this other

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knowledge Carter's mastery of facts will continue to mean very little. For he will continue either unable to find the larger meaning that inheres in these facts or able to find only the wrong meaning.

Carter has been unable to learn this other knowledge because he has been unreceptive to it. His record indicates that in respect to what is unfortunately still the most important course in foreign policy, he is virtually unteachable. If this is the case, the prospect we might reasonably look forward to in a second Carter administration is not essentially dissimilar from the first. The principal difference would likely be that instead of a confident, and even arrogant, president—what, after all, is more truly arrogant than Carter's initial vision of a new world that he would bring into being—we would have a rather chastened and disillusioned, though in all likelihood still confused, president.

The pattern of action characteristic of the recent past need not be repeated. On the contrary, it may be reversed, and in circumstances that make the reversal disadvantageous and extremely dangerous. What is essential in the president's behavior is not simply a deep inhibition in the use of power and above all military power. It is instead an inability to relate power and interest in an effective yet prudent manner.

President Carter will stress his experience in the coming campaign, but there are limits to the value of this emphasis. Carter's experience necessarily evokes the memory of his record in office. The public may reflect unduly on the price it has had to pay for his experience. So rather than concentrate on his promise, the president may be expected to focus on the threat presumably held out by the victory of his Republican opponent. The emphasis of the president's campaign will likely be that, whatever his shortcomings, he is still preferable to Governor Reagan. In this he will be aided, as indeed he is already aided, by those who have solemnly and repeatedly declared their unalterable opposition to his candidacy. *The New Republic* provides an instructive example of how to support Carter while nevertheless denouncing him. In its lead editorial of May 3, 1980 ("What We See in Anderson"), we read: "The critical contrast now is not between Carter and Reagan, but between the two of them and Anderson." This may be the critical contrast for *The New Republic* but it is not the effective choice. And since the effective choice is between Carter and Reagan, what matters is not how critical the editors of *The New Republic* are of the president but the comparative criticism they make of the two principal candidates. While Carter has regularly received his licks, it is Reagan who causes the editors to "shudder." The prospect of a Reagan presidency, they write, is a "nightmare." Were their view to find increasing favor, the result would be the election not of John Anderson, but of Jimmy Carter. For there is still a meaningful choice between a bad, even a very bad, prospect and a nightmarish one. Like it or not, our editors are *objectively* on the side of the president.

What is the case against Ronald Reagan that leads otherwise staunch critics of Jimmy Carter nevertheless to support him? The indictment, ritually invoked, may be summarized thus. Reagan's views of the great issues of domestic and foreign policy are simplistic in the extreme and reveal a mind that utterly fails to grasp the ever growing complexity of our problems. In part, this outlook is traced to Reagan's commitment to the world of yesterday. Simplicity is rooted in a nostalgia for a past we cannot recapture. The persuasion that it can be recaptured reflects, particularly in foreign policy, a striking ignorance of the world of today. The result of this evocation of a past we cannot recall and an ignorance about a present to which we must adjust is a dangerous rigidity. In foreign policy, it could lead to catastrophe.

The case made against Reagan is seldom put forth in a tentative manner. Instead, it is regularly expressed with an air of certainty. Critics seem even more certain of what Reagan would do as president than they are of what Carter has already done. Why such certainty? Is it because of Reagan's past record as governor of California? If so, there is little basis for the indictment itself, let alone for complete assurance about it. Reagan's record as chief executive of the nation's most populous and probably most complex state has been judged by most seasoned observers as competent overall and quite successful in a number of significant respects. Very few have found that Reagan was rigid in dealing with California's problems. Instead, his behavior has been regularly characterized in such terms as pragmatic, given to compromise, etc. Indeed, a propensity to compromise when necessary was seen at the time by some of Reagan's admirers as the abandonment of principle.

It is not possible to substantiate the case against Reagan as presidential candidate on the basis of his record as governor. The case must proceed, if at all, on the basis of what Reagan has said since he was governor and particularly during the campaign. What a man says when he runs for president is not unimportant. But clearly it is not the only ground on which his fitness should be judged. The patterns of behavior of a lifetime also should be given serious consideration, particularly when these patterns are as well known as they are in Reagan's case. That critics are disposed to ignore them and to concentrate on what Reagan says is indicative of the character of much criticism. That critics are also disposed to concentrate on Reagan's casual and off-the-cuff views at the expense of his more considered positions is still more indicative.

What has the candidate said about foreign and military policy that has led his critics to draw the conclusions they have so uniformly drawn? The Reagan outlook on foreign policy begins with a judgment of what has happened in the past decade to American power and position in the world. There has been, he insists, a continuing and dangerous decline in the nation's international position. Reagan has not hesitated to trace the policy origins of this decline to a Republican administration. Although the stage was set by the reaction to the war in Vietnam, the first great act in the retreat of American power is found in the Nixon-Kissinger policy reformulation. Based on the premise that the American role in the world could be preserved while the former dangers and hardships that attended this role might be avoided, the new policy reformulation, with its centerpiece of detente, was at best an act of self-deception.

Reagan's critique of detente is that it has been largely one-sided, that it has operated to restrain our behavior without exercising similar restraint on Soviet behavior, and that under cover of detente the Soviet Union has made substantial progress toward achieving a position of global primacy. Moscow's steady and impressive military buildup in the 1970s has been undertaken at the nuclear level within the framework of what detente advocates from Henry Kissinger on have considered their major achievement—the SALT process. At the level of conventional arms, the same decline occurred over the past decade, rationalized in part by the notion that we could substitute regional power

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for our own power, and in part by the notion that the utility of military power, and the need to retain a strong interventionary capability, had dramatically declined. The results of these notions are now apparent in the grave crisis in the Persian Gulf.

The Reagan emphasis on America's "military disarmament" is generally coupled with a similar emphasis on the nation's "moral disarmament." Again, the Vietnam War is seen as the triggering mechanism. Whereas once we saw ourselves as a model for others to emulate, from the late 1960s on we no longer entertained this confident vision. This has been one dimension of our moral disarmament. A more serious dimension is that whereas in the generation following World War II we saw American power as a beneficent force in the world, now the assessment of a growing number has turned almost to the opposite conclusion. It followed that the legitimacy of American interests also has become increasingly suspect. In this manner, the moral underpinning of American foreign policy since World War II has been steadily eroded, and not only with respect to the Soviet Union. In our relation with the states of the third world, policy has been characterized by an overly defensive outlook. America always has wanted to be "liked" as well as "respected," but with the Carter administration the former desire has become a virtual obsession that increasingly subordinates the desire—and need—for respect. Given the legacy with which we must contend in much of the third world, and the aspirations of those who consider they have good reason not to like this nation, the outcome was predictable. Yesterday we were liked by some but respected by all. Today what modest good will we enjoy must serve as consolation for the respect we no longer command.

Implicit in Reagan's critique of the recent past is his view of what needs to be done. The task of restoration must meet three broad requirements: a clear vision of, and belief in, America's future; a strong economy based on the free market system; and the unquestioned capability to preserve those interests vital to our security. The order in which the requirements are placed is as significant as the requirements themselves. Restoration must begin at home; only then can it be translated into a foreign policy that arrests, and eventually reverses, the nation's sharp decline in power and position.

An unregenerate optimist, Reagan entertains little doubt that the task of restoration can be undertaken successfully. This is not to say that the task will prove easy. There are no easy solutions, he has insisted, though there *are* solutions. To reach them, however, will take determination, prudence, and a sustained effort. The decline we have undergone over the past decade cannot be arrested overnight. Nor can it be arrested without some reordering of domestic priorities.

These are, in broad outline, the principal elements of the Reagan position in foreign policy. It is not surprising that this position should prove offensive to those who have supported and rationalized the foreign policy of decline, a policy that began in the late 1960s and continues to prevail even today. Reagan not only rejects this policy, but dismisses the successive rationalizations on which it has been based. There is no inevitability to the decline we have witnessed. It is not a suddenly complex world, a world in which American power is drastically limited, that has determined the course of our recent destiny. We have determined this destiny. The misfortunes we have suffered in our foreign policy have been largely self-inflicted.

The Reagan position, though not simplistic, is assuredly a simple one. The same may be said, however, of most foreign policy designs. What could be simpler, for example, than the grand design of De Gaulle's foreign policy, which was to undo the work of Yalta and restore France to the rank of a great power? The implementation of grand design is quite another matter. But right now it is not the detail and complexity of implementation that must concern us. It is instead the outline of the grand design itself and, of course, the will to undertake that design. Once again, we are brought back to the Reagan distinction between solutions—even simple solutions—and easy solutions. This distinction is what philosophers have termed from time immemorial the difference between understanding and will.

In the coming Carter-Reagan contest, the foreign policy positions of the two candidates offer the electorate a critically important choice. Carter and Reagan stand for two quite different views of today's world, and two quite different positions about the relationship America should entertain with this world. These widely disparate visions roughly correspond to a debate that has occupied students of world politics and American foreign policy for at least a decade.

At its heart this controversy is over power and its uses. In the one view, which we might label as modernist, the role power—and, above all, military power—now plays has been sharply altered. This change presumably has resulted from an international system that has become far more complex and far less hierarchical. The system also has become far more interdependent, and this increasing interdependence, joined to the growing assertiveness of the new states, large and small, has operated to restrain the powers even—perhaps especially—of the greatest. The United States must adjust to this change, painful though that adjustment may be, and recognize that its interests must be scaled accordingly to match a steady and inevitable loss of power

In the other view, which we may term traditionalist, the role power plays today is substantially the role it has always played. However we assess the degree of interdependence, the persistence of a state system and not the interdependence of states is what determines the role of power. Indeed, greater interdependency may increase the importance of power. For interdependence without an organizing and effective power may result in an unparalleled chaos. Certainly it will hold out the constant threat of breakdown and chaos. The now endemic oil crisis furnishes an instructive example of the threat held out by interdependence in the absence of effective power. In the end, such power will make its appearance. If it is not our own, it will be that of the Soviet Union. We can see today in the Persian Gulf the consequences to which a one-sided reluctance to employ power may lead.

It is clear that President Carter—though now somewhat chastened—continues to represent the modernist view. It is equally clear that Reagan represents the traditionalist view. The charge that Reagan represents the past presumes that the period we have recently experienced, and continue to experience, is the norm by which we ought to form and measure our behavior. Clearly it is not, for seldom has a policy so visibly failed as the policy we have sought to implement in the course of the last decade. And since the principal architect of that policy today must be judged incapable of real change, Carter's defeat in November must be sought.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Shocks, Past and Present

In 1928 Luis Buñuel, with Salvador Dali, made his first film, a 24-minute silent surrealist work called *Un Chien andalou*. Subsequently Buñuel was offered financing for another film by the Viscount Charles de Noailles, and in 1930 Buñuel made another surrealist film, this time with sound, called *L'Age d'Or*. (Dali worked on it only a few days.) The second film caused an immense scandal. In 1934 the Viscount and his wife withdrew it from circulation. Last year Allen Thiher wrote in *The Cinematic Muse* (University of Missouri Press): " . . . *Un Chien andalou* is undoubtedly the best-known work of surrealist cinema, and it will probably remain so until the family of Viscount Charles de Noailles decides that his soul will not roast in hell if *L'Age d'Or* . . . is ever released again." Evidently the family has made this eschatological decision: *L'Age d'Or* is now released and has just had its US theatrical premiere at the Public Theater in New York.

Not many 50-year-old scandals remain scandalous. *Le sacre du printemps* and *Ulysses* live by something more than the uproar they created when they were born. So must *L'Age d'Or*. I happened to see it in the 1960s at the Museum of Modern Art so I was braced for non-shock when I saw it again recently. Thiher says in his thoughtful book (critical essays on French film) that "the goal of all surrealist activity" was "to abolish the distinction between the objective and the subjective, between the repressive working of the reality principle and the pleasure principle." The distinction has been so steadily disregarded, if not worn away, during the last 50 years that the shocking disjunctures of surrealism are now generally transformed to comedy. In *L'Age d'Or* when the man at a formal party slaps the face of the woman who accidentally spills wine on him, it doesn't seem much more socially anarchic than what Groucho did so often to Margaret Dumont. An even greater tamer of the "offenses" of *L'Age d'Or* is Buñuel himself, whose later works contain a lot of this film's elements refurbished, even amplified.

The three main assaults of the picture are on conventional love, piety, and social order. Buñuel said in 1955: "Dali and I would select gags and objects that would happen to come to mind. And we rejected without mercy everything that might mean something." "Mean" means, of course, some meaning in objective reality. I won't try to list the episodes—which is what they are; not story—of the 60-minute film. Here are a few samples. A mock founding of the city of Rome, on some seaside rocks, is interrupted by the sound of two lovers grappling in the mud. A grand party is interrupted by a horse-drawn cart proceeding through the drawing room. A young woman discovers a cow sitting on her bed. A gamekeeper hugs his small son, then shoots the boy for jostling a cigarette he was rolling. The two lovers grapple again in a formal garden while an orchestra nearby plays a bit of *Tristan*, with a priest in the group. The man of the loving pair is summoned away; the frustrated woman sucks the toe of a statue. The conductor of the orchestra walks up the path, and the woman kisses him passionately. (Some accounts call the conductor her father.) A last episode refers to Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* with the Duke of Blangis dressed and bearded like Jesus. (The fact that Pasolini made a modernized, explicit film of the Sade novel, called *Salò* (*TNR*, October 29, 1977), is part of the cultural difference between 1930 and now.)

Two men in the cast link the picture closely to its era. Max Ernst, the dadaist/surrealist painter, has a small part; and Gaston Modot is one of the two lovers. Modot had a long career of secondary roles in French films (he died in 1970), the best-remembered of which probably is the jealous gamekeeper in Renoir's *The Rules of the Game*, but he began as a painter, was a friend of Picasso, and had his portrait painted by Modigliani in 1918.

No one who has seen *Saturday Night Live* or *Monty Python* is going to be greatly upset by *L'Age d'Or*, which is just another way of saying that those programs are descendants of the surrealist movement in which Buñuel was active. Still is. But both in shock effect and intrinsically, I think this second film lesser than *Un Chien andalou*. One can see a daring, truly cinematic imagination in *L'Age d'Or*, but it's crudely photographed and acted, except for Lya Lys as the other lover. Buñuel's cruelty, his scatology, his linkages of sex and religion, of sex and death, have all become so familiar since 1930, have been used so much more diabolically, that this film is less a regained masterpiece than a regained sketchbook. Just think of *The Milky Way* (1969) and, quite apart from gains in technique, you see how Buñuel made the conflict of the pleasure principle and the reality principle into a tense symbiosis rather than a mere juxtaposition.

The real shockers of 1930 these days are the films in which the reality of that period is *not* fractured, films that totally accept valentine-card love and *Saturday Evening Post* family life and hip-hoorah

Films Worth Seeing

Best Boy. Ira Wohl's documentary about his quietly heroic aunt and her mentally retarded 52-year-old son. Reticently, lovingly made.

Coal Miner's Daughter. The first half is excellent—life in Appalachia. It dwindles into a trite second half, but Sissy Spacek, acting and singing as Loretta Lynn, is affecting throughout.

Incorrigible. Philippe de Broca, a kind of mirror-image of Samuel Beckett, is being light-hearted again. *He's* incorrigible. And so, happily, is Jean-Paul Belmondo.

On Company Business. A careful, strong documentary about the CIA.

SK

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patriotism and the business world as evidence of divine order. Talk about surrealism!

On the Nickel is bad but interesting. It's abysmally written and directed and edited—the only good things in it are a couple of the performances—but it deals with a ubiquitous American subject that's usually ignored in American films, and does it in an unusual way. Skid Row. It used to be the part of town that, say, Jimmy Cagney slid to, three-quarters of the way through the picture, and was then redeemed from. The only previous instance I know where it's the center of a film is Lionel Rogosin's *On the Bowery* (1955), which may have suggested the title of this new one. Rogosin made a documentary that looked at derelicts compassionately. Ralph Waite, who wrote and directed *On the Nickel* and plays a large part—this is not a documentary—had a different purpose. His film is anti compassion, anti the idea of decline and possible redemption. It shows us Skid Row men and women who *like* being where they are, who don't want to be anything other than winos sleeping in alleys and vacant lots. It treats Skid Row as a habitation and refuge, not as a punishment or snare or evidence of rot.

I first saw Waite in the title role of William Alfred's *Hogan's Goat* in 1965 at the American Place Theater. (Faye Dunaway played opposite him.) Two years later he was the protagonist in Brecht's *Drums in the Night* Off Broadway. Then he disappeared—for me—into a big part in a TV series, *The Waltons*. Living on the Coast, he got to know 5th Street, nicknamed the Nickel, in downtown Lost Angeles, a wino district. Hence his film.

Donald Moffat, well known in the theater, has the leading part, an ex-wino, off the stuff for 18 months, who misses his former pals, especially a quasi-legendary figure played by Waite. Moffat searches the Nickel for Waite, finds him, and spends a bit of time with him before—following a final binge—Waite expires in a hospital. Then follows a slapstick sequence in a crematorium that is there, apparently, just to get the picture up to feature length.

The editing seems to have been done because Waite knows that a film needs editing: almost all the cuts are arbitrary, jerky, unhelpful. The lighting is platitudinous. All except one of the derelicts have perfect white teeth, after years in the gutter. Characterizations, as written, match the credibility of the teeth. Penelope Allen has a specially thankless job as the woman of the group, a woman who is said to exist in life, which is often the thinnest basis for making a character believable. Moffat supplies the right scrubbed-up-and-pulled-together air of the reformed but not-quite-secure-alcoholic. Waite is excellent: he gives a gravel-voiced, easily powerful, deposed-king performance as the nearly finished bum—acting that deserves a better film.

But, flaws and all, *On the Nickel* does concentrate on a part of our society that we generally look away from, and does it with unsettling values: the garbage can as home.

The Streets of Paris
introduction and text by Richard Cobb
photographs by Nicholas Breach

(Pantheon; $17.95, $10 paper)

Paris: A Century of Change, 1878-1978
by Norma Evenson

(Yale University Press; $30)

"The human race has a right to Paris," Victor Hugo wrote in 1867 and, rarely content with one saying at a time, added that "France, with sublime detachment, understands this." In a long life, Hugo said about everything one can think of, and was sometimes wrong. "Paris ordains an event, France is ordered to duty and France obeys," he continued, defying a century of proof that the rest of France liked nothing better than to throttle whatever revolutionary initiatives Parisians chose to take. In the 1860s, much of the country resented the

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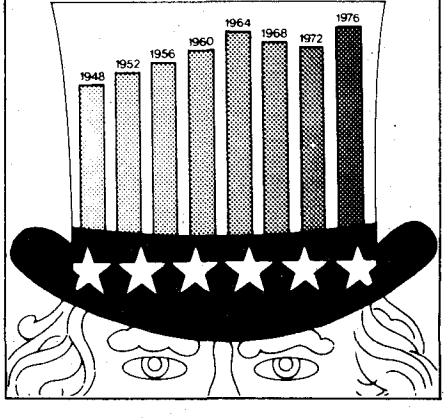

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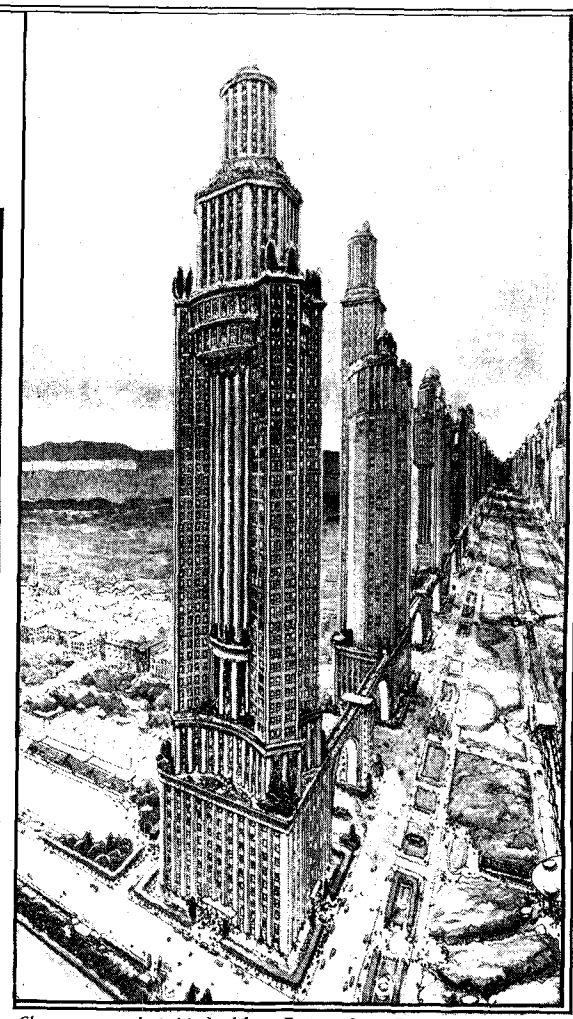
Looking west along the Avenue des Champs Elysées toward the skyscrapers of La Défense.

Photos from *Paris*.



Skyscrapers projected to lead from Paris to Saint Germain en Laye, 1922.

extravagant rebuilding of Paris undertaken by Napoleon III, whom Hugo branded "Napoleon the Little." What France thought of the rest of the human race is left unsaid in the reports of the prefects.

Like our century, we put meaner questions: whether Parisians still have a right to Paris, and whether Paris will be worth having, if the forces of change of the last 20 years push on to overturn those physical and social balances which, as they slip away, we recognize as the essence of the city's magic. Paris offered us "messages from measured grounds," in Stanley Sherman's phrase, but, weak in history and self-knowledge, we did not quite comprehend why the city stirred us as no other could. One reason, a French historian could still write 15 years ago, was that Paris did not scream aloud, as most cities do, of that drab, jumbled jerry-building dictated by political expediency and the lust for quick profit. Most of the credit belonged to Napoleon III and his prefect of the Seine, Georges Haussmann, authoritarians enough to be impractical, free enough to respect the future and themselves. From the fall of the Second Empire to the 1960s, from Hugo's Paris to Sartre's, the city's outward look changed very little. The Eiffel tower and Sacré-Coeur emerged on the skyline, both greeted at first with lamentations, then adopted as Parisian—so will the Pompidou Center be, if it is sturdy enough to last. For nearly a century we had the Paris we remember, growing and changing but without much upsetting how it looked or who could live there.

Now we see that it was not only monuments of the past or Haussmann's long vistas that lifted our hearts, not only the neighborhood-street-village of small shops and cafés (*patrons* and families living above), densely packed, animated, full of talk and familiar faces. Paris was, of course, the two at once—the majestic just steps from the intimate and homely, Gabriel's Champ de Mars around the corner from the butcher. Grand plans alone make Brasilia. Nothing but tenement streets stifle and wear us down, as Napoleon and Haussmann understood. What they might have wrought had skyscrapers been in vogue, we cannot know (though their limits on building heights relative to the width of streets suggest that they put some value on sun, air, and human scale). Whether by design or lucky absence of technology, Paris entered the 20th century as a place for people, who by living, working, playing, making politics, having children, and growing old where they belonged made it a place for the human race. Here was the other balance we took for granted until it began to fade: the presence around us of Parisians of every class, age, occupation, and pitch of temper, bringing to life all that we remembered of history, literature, and art.

No other city is so much written and painted into our imaginations. As Péguy said, Paris was "the city which has suffered most for the temporal salvation of mankind." Centuries of war, revolution, and other dramas of politics and art have left her spaces thick with scenes from the past, most recently evoked in Alison and Sonia Landes's high-spirited *Pariswalks* (New Republic Books). Impressionists at our backs, we look across the Concorde to the guillotine at one corner, Louis XVI's head offered to the citizens, David's Marie Antoinette approaching in her tumbril; the crowds of

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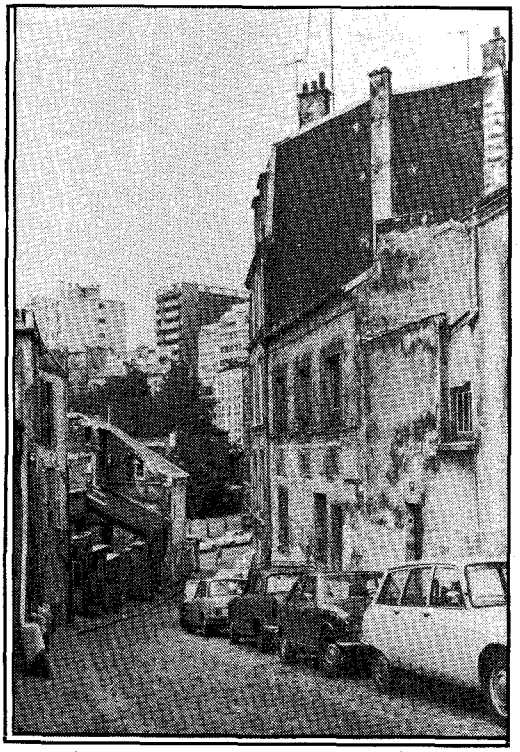
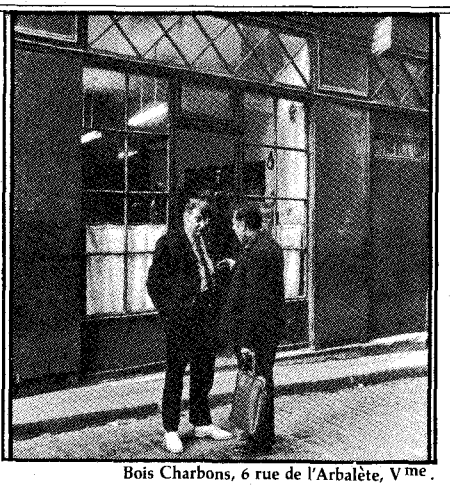


Rue de Savies, looking down toward the rue de la Mare, XX^{me}.
Photos from *The Streets of Paris*.



Bois Charbons, 6 rue de l'Arbalète, V^{me}.

Epicerie, 44 rue de Chartres, XVIII^{me}.

1848 and 1870 storm the Palais Bourbon to scatter their betters and proclaim the Republic; in 1871 the Tuilleries burns as the Versailles troops advance to slaughter the Communards; in 1918 black veils are torn from the statue of Strasbourg liberated from Imperial Germany; at the bridge, the Popular Front is born out of bloody riots in February 1934. History fades; Colette's courtesans turn their carriages toward the Bois; Maigret's little black sedan careens around the obelisk on its way to the George V; songs of Sidney Bechet rise from the Metro entrance, where another expatriate plays for his dinner. The city is for us a composite of all the people who have lived and died there. Norma Evenson in her *Paris: A Century of Change, 1878-1978* says: "To be part of this presence, to graft one's individual life to this collective life, may be a form of immortality." Beauty alone is not the essence of Paris, not what has given us and Parisians what she calls "a quickening of life," but the constant interplay of place, memory, art, and people.

Richard Cobb, the Anglo-Frenchman (in his "second identity" he has written most of his works in French), says elsewhere that his imagination as historian of revolutionary France was nourished by living with the *sans-culottes* of our day: "Since 1935 I have walked French popular history, drunk it, seen it, heard it, participated in it, walking hand in hand with fraternity and liberty, both first discovered by me in Paris" (*The Police and the People*, 1970). Cobb's new book is a rare, personal gift to those whose second home is Paris. With photographer Nicholas Breach he takes us down the people's streets and into their parks and cafés, courtyards and stairwells, the settings of daily life. No grand vistas are to be seen, but "the most secret, the most modest, the most bizarre, the tiniest" habitations of a different Paris from Haussmann's or Pompidou's, its "unpretentious and endearing proportions" revealed only to the walker. Cobb relishes the limitless variety of streets lined with tiny stores and cafés, many already boarded up, victims of soaring real estate prices, of landlords using dilapidation to win orders for demolition and resale to the big promoters. We see the Gergovie quarter about to be smothered by "the spreading horror of Maine-Montparnasse"; the Jardin des Plantes, and the Mouffetard district, most of the latter already tarted up for tourists and affluent "readers of *Charlie-Hébdo*"; and Belleville-Ménilmontant in the 20th arrondissement, the territory of Madame Rosa, where old windows overlooked the fighting in the June Days of 1848 and the Commune of 1871, where now high-rise apartments of the middle classes approach "gingerly the heights from below," as their soldiers did in the Commune.

Breach's photography is superbly disciplined, alert, imaginative, witty, but reticent, nowhere cute or self-indulgent, as such pictures so often are. He seems the ideal companion for Cobb, whose captions are in turn worthy of the photographs and of Cobb at his best, full of the thorny, loving erudition of the historian devoted to sharing the places he most cherishes, places about to be destroyed, their inhabitants facing deportation to grisly suburban housing projects. He assures us that "much will still be standing when the book appears," a slip from character betraying his dismay. Many districts, he says,

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excluded themselves from the book, having succumbed to planners, prosperity, and automobiles. The Halles is "a sad desert," the Ile Saint Louis is for millionaires, the Marais is a museum, its people banished in favor of "middle-class intellectuals, their wives dressed like Gypsy Rose Lees in expensive rags and armed with *le Nouvel Observateur*." Cobb has since written of the "de-Parisianization of Paris," the removal of much of its traditional, characteristic population. Rather few people appear in *The Streets of Paris*. The exodus is far along, Cobb suggests.

These sharply different books bring us to the same sad point. Paris is dying for those lower-class Parisians who made her history and animated her literature. Evenson also begins by reassuring us, and she is right. We do exaggerate the damage and romanticize the past, most surely our early memories—as first-time visitors arriving on tomorrow morning's plane will be doing, looking back from the 21st century. For all the destruction and "Americanization," Paris remains a great city, alive with "compelling vitality." An architectural historian, Evenson ranges back for a century to show that vitality has always threatened old environments. As long as she stays on the physical side of the matter, Evenson succeeds in her aim "to illuminate the nature of certain disputes, rather than to participate in them." But she too deplores the fate of Parisians. In a planners' report on the Marais she finds a phrase about its "humble dwellings, often ornamented with delicious cast iron." The "humble inhabitants," she must assume, "were deemed insufficiently delicious to warrant preservation," and 20,000 were forced out to make way for a few thousand of the less humble. Her sub-chapter, "The Passing of the Rue Nationale," is the same story magnified: in the 13th arrondissement, the Italie rebuilding project has demolished hundreds of animated neighborhoods and put up high-rise urban deserts in their places. Did the planners not see (from their glass-walled apartments on the Ile Saint Louis) the social value of family-like streets? "A certain deadness," she remarks, "is observed in many quarters."

Students of the history of Paris are in Evenson's debt. Her book is a feast of plans and photographs, used to explain how and why so much has changed over the last century, particularly over the past two decades, when 600,000 Parisians have left the central city, and why—if war and depression had not intervened—the planners would have made it so much worse than it is. She offers critical essays on street plans and the impact of the automobile; on commuting (her Metro story is her best); on housing, master planning, and regional schemes. Her chapter on urban design closes on the dreary story of lost human scale, "The Tower Triumphs." But she is determinedly even-handed, temperate, sensitive to the complex forces at work. We need reminding that soaring population, prosperity, and expectations, the revolution of the automobile, new mass amusements, new patterns of commerce, new service industries must transform all cities. The Paris of 1900 or even of 1950 is beyond restoring. Still, there is room for choice. Planning can be silly or sensible, one can reach for a quick fix or struggle for alternatives, sell the people out or fight to give them time. The French, Evenson shows, have done it all. Putting the needed new acres of office space at La Défense instead of downtown was right, but to settle for a jumble of towers, instant Houston, destroying the great vista through the Arch of Triumph, was the next worst alternative. "He who hesitates is sometimes saved," says Evenson with Thurber, citing Giscard d'Estaing's moratorium on skyscrapers and the suspension of the Left Bank expressway pushed by Pompidou.

Evenson's review of a century of master plans for Paris—surely the most demented was Le Corbusier's 30-year passion for gutting the center city to sow it with skyscrapers—exposes the experts' appalling lack of imagination. Alongside the architects and planners of the 20th century, Haussmann and Louis Napoleon emerge as models of taste. As bad as monstrous projects never realized are those that were: the Maine-Montparnasse complex, the riverbank high rises of the 15th arrondissement, La Défense and Italie, not to mention the outsize disasters of the suburban *grands ensembles*, on which Evenson is, if anything, too ready to be fair. All but a few of the new constructions betray Ortega's Mass-man, the specialist's inability to perceive deeper human needs or to see beyond his professional tricks to the past or the future. Who could think of complaining about the "monotony" of the rue de Rennes, as earnest Americans always felt obliged to do, now that it leads to the new Maine-Montparnasse? To learn what ugliness was, we needed those gigantic slabs, with their sealed windows, mechanical air pumped into cubicles with just the space and ceiling height bearable to mortals, calculated by experts who redo 17th-century mansions for themselves. The boom coincided with the low point—low decades—of modern architecture, banality not even pretentious, too dispirited to be vulgar.

Are we, then, to believe those who tell us that we shall always have Paris? Maybe. Disfigured, polluted, her streets choked and roaring with traffic, Paris of the postcards has nonetheless survived her planners and the rush of affluence. Some minimal good sense together with

ANGEL

There between the riverbank
and half-submerged tree trunk
it's a kind of alleyway
inviting loiterers—
    in this case, water striders.

Their legs, twice body-length, dent
the surface, but why they don't
sink is a transparent riddle:
the springs of their trampoline
    are nowhere to be seen.

Inches and yet far below, thin
as compass needles, almost, min-
nows flicker through the sun's
tattered netting, circling past
    each other as if lost.

Enter an angel, in
the form of a dragon-
fly, an apparition whose
coloring, were it not real,
    would scarcely be possible:

see him, like a sparkler,
tossing lights upon the water,
surplus greens, reds, milky
blues, and violets blended
    with ebony. Suspended

like a conductor's baton,
he hovers, then goes the one
way no minnow points: straight
up, into that vast solution
    of which he's a concentrate.

Brad Leithauser

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an economic slowdown may save what remains, or even improve on it. Trees will grow again, automobiles may have to be modified or thinned out, sidewalks may creep outward, cafés reopen, and if the newer buildings are as flimsy as our own they will be gone early in the 21st century. In any case, prosperous Frenchmen and tourists will always be able to buy their way back to the Belle Epoque, as we buy tickets to Mount Vernon or Plimoth Plantation. But Paris was a place we wanted to live in rather than visit; ordinary Parisians and our children may find that impossible. The last two decades may have tipped the social balance beyond rescue, ultimately reducing the city to a museum-emporium-amusement park dominated by corporate-government headquarters and apartments for the upper middle class, all served by Cobb's people commuting from remote housing projects—at an average of three hours for each day's round trip, according to Norma Evenson.

Will economic recession halt the deportation of the lower classes? Perhaps, but only as past depressions and war cut off their chances for better schools and housing. Cobb knows, as Evenson does (and, to give him credit, Le Corbusier did), that behind the picturesque facades of his favorite streets living conditions were for generations murderously unhealthy. The *îlots insalubres*, and more, had to be replaced. Through both books, Paris poses the next question: whether what is heartening in ordinary people's lives can survive those changes in the economy that allow improvement of their housing. Can the butcher, baker, and café on a slum street not reopen in the renovated block, to which the old tenants and their children may return? Can a new generation of urban planners—and policy-makers for farming, food distribution, and retail commerce—find the ingenuity to keep or recreate the city neighborhood, street life, weekly markets, the common and familial, to decide, as Evenson asks, that housing is a total social environment and not just antiseptic space with parking? The technocrats' infatuation with "economy of scale" led to sterility and alienation in Alphaville, and shopping plazas *à l'americaine*. Something better may be possible, but the odds are long, and only if most Parisians manage to assert their right to Paris can the rest of the human race have it, too. Hugo would not have been wrong about that.

Paul Gagnon

Paul Gagnon is professor of history at the University of Massachusetts, Boston and author of *France Since 1789* (Harper & Row).

Helen and Teacher: The Story of Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan Macy by Joseph P. Lash

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $15)

At six, Helen was totally ignorant, a "wild, destructive little animal" who snatched food from other people's plates, kicked and screamed, broke dishes and lamps, and so terrified her grandmother that the old lady fled the room. One relative advised that she be mercifully put away. Miraculously she changed into a "truly wonderful child," loving and attentive, eager to learn, brilliant in understanding. She was Helen Keller of Tuscumbia, Alabama, blind and deaf, and the woman who transformed her was a mere 21-year-old, Anne Sullivan of Boston, who had suffered near-blindness herself for a time. Hired to civilize the young savage, she was to make them both famous.

This is a tale of the triumph of two women over odds that seem insuperable, a true story that reads like legend, an account of success always encompassing tragedy. In the beginning, Anne had to bring the hellcat under control by iron discipline. Thereafter she was Helen's teacher and companion, her other self, a lifelong career to which even Anne's marriage took second place. Joseph Lash's drama has two stars, inseparable though not always agreeing, bound to each other by ties of love, yes, but also of necessity and expediency. Without sight and hearing, Helen could never have attained her high degree of cultivation had she had a teacher of less than Anne's skill and depth. Nor could Anne have gone on to glory as the tutor of unparalleled talents had her student been of merely ordinary capacity.

Aside from their enormous industry and ambition, the two were quite different. Helen was the idealist and do-gooder, optimistic enough to verge on the saccharine, sociable, affectionate, stricken by her incapacity for a normal life but enjoying the center stage that her achievements won for her and wanting more of it. Anne, whom she always called Teacher, was the painfully sensitive, hard-bitten realist, the orphan who had been abused by her drunken father and had never overcome the shame of her stay at the Tewksbury poorhouse. She was a flirt, and she was jealous of her status with Helen. She could turn in temper, not on Helen but on others who poached on her preserves. A born writer with a wide streak of poetry, she might have done something with that talent had she not poured all her strength into her pupil.

OIL, WAR and AMERICAN SECURITY

The Search for a National Policy on Foreign Oil, 1941–1947

Michael B. Stoff

This is the first full-length analysis of how American policy toward mid-Eastern oil began during World War II. Stoff describes the rather haphazard way in which the United States became involved in Arabian oil, and his story will surely interest historians of the Roosevelt era and national policy, as well as anyone concerned with the origins of the current dilemma over importing oil. $15.00

YALE

University Press
New Haven and London

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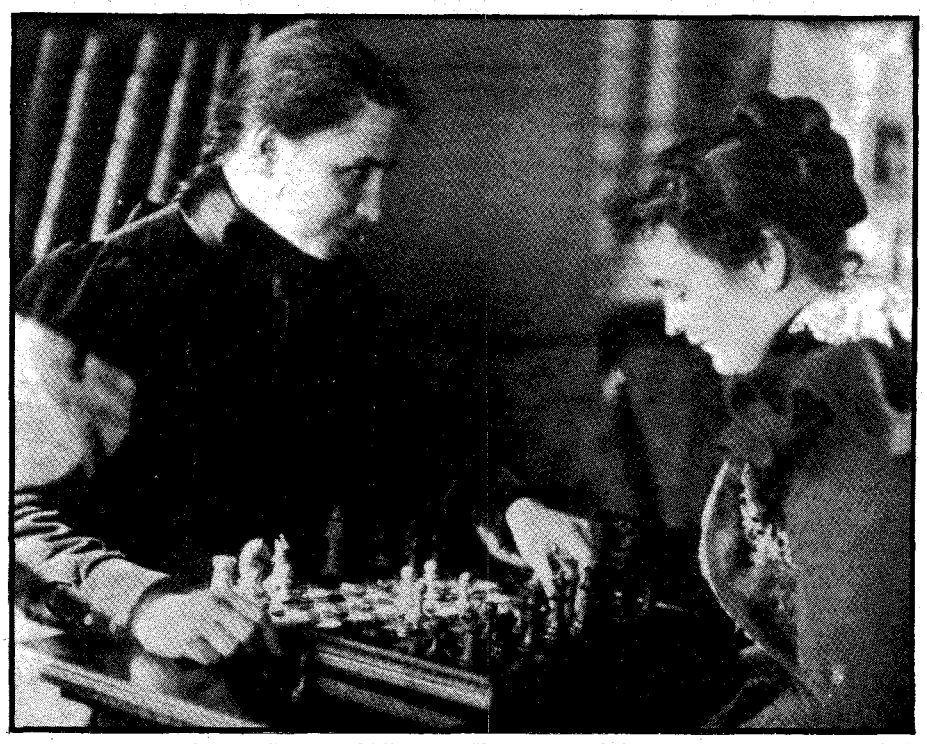
Indeed she had her hands full with Helen. She got the job as teacher because of her own fine record at Boston's Perkins School for the blind. One marvels at the patience and determination with which she taught language to the bright but utterly locked-away mind by writing with her fingers on Helen's palm. The two hiked, they climbed trees, but most of all Teacher spoke and read to the girl, finger to palm, hour after hour, day after day. She taught her Braille. She taught her—what dedication that took!—to begin to speak words that she could not hear but had to control by memorizing the manipulation of throat, tongue, breath, and lips.

The parents were willing, and Anne took her to Boston, saw her through the Perkins School and, wonder of wonders, prepared her for Radcliffe College. For all her intelligence, Helen could not have been a good student without a memory that stored knowledge away and called it back with her own infallible computer. Educators and friends speculated about the pair: was Teacher, the nominal assistant, merely the outlet to the world of Helen's brilliance, or was Teacher herself the brilliant one?

There was radiance enough for both. Helen was all but irresistible, Mr. Lash notes: "Her passion for doing good, her sympathy for all living creatures, the unbreakable conviction that was mirrored in her very mobile and expressive little body that everyone was as good and loving as she was, made sophisticated men and women believe she was a direct emanation from the Lord." Since her amazing progress might aid others similarly afflicted, she and her tutor were watched by experts. The pair called on President Cleveland on one trip home. Edmund Stedman wrote a poem about Helen. "I had a lovely letter from the poet Whittier," she wrote her mother. "He loves me." She called with Teacher on such people as Oliver Wendell Holmes. At 17 she was well-formed, graceful, charming, with wavy chestnut hair. She began to embrace radical political doctrines. She wrote very well, though there was embarrassment when it was discovered that she had plagiarized from a story by Margaret Canby—a mistake Lash blames mostly on the excessive ambition of Teacher, who fed facts and sentences to the pupil.

Helen did well at Radcliffe, with Anne always at her side in class and also reading to her four or five hours a day. There were in fact a few who felt that



Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan at Radcliffe in 1899. Photo courtesy of The American Foundation for the Blind.

Teacher was proprietary enough to threaten Helen's autonomy. Helen was "unable to join her bloomered classmates on the hockey field or basketball court, but she was a strong swimmer. . . . She played chess and checkers with unusual concentration, and was an enthusiastic 'wheelwoman' often seen on the Cambridge streets on her tandem." On the side, as a sophomore, she began *The Story of My Life*, first published serially in *The Ladies' Home Journal* and then as a book, highly praised. Her helpers in putting the story together were Anne and a tall Harvard graduate, John Macy, an editor and poet who was astonished at Helen's ability to remember long passages, word for word, weeks after she had "read" them.

Helen graduated *cum laude* in 1904—not the *summa* Anne expected of her but not bad either. Always loyal, Helen remained forever indignant that Anne, who had gone every step of the way with her, received no recognition from Radcliffe. Anne did, however, get recognition from Macy in the form of marriage, an event Helen at least outwardly applauded but which caused concern to friends who wondered how Helen could get along when her perpetual shadow became only part-time. And could Macy, 11 years younger, endure Anne's occasional black moods? Could Anne tolerate Macy's socialism? The measure of Teacher's devotion to Helen was implicit in her determination that her marriage, after a suitable honeymoon, would not interfere with her attendance on Helen. She made Macy, who had learned the hand language, promise to care for Helen if Anne died before him, as seemed likely.

By now the two women were aided somewhat by philanthropic donors. Macy joined them in their home in suburban Wrentham and became the editor of Helen's writings and her agent in dealing with publishers. Lash thinks too, on the basis of subtle evidence in both Macy's and Helen's writings, that there was an affair between them—possibly only a mild flirtation which nevertheless could loom large in the mind of the deaf-blind girl until then shut off cruelly from romance. Helen was three years younger than Macy, whereas Anne was now visibly in her 40s. Helen and Macy were in agreement in political radicalism, which Anne resisted. Still, the Macys had some years of conjugal happiness before their quarrels became bitter and their marriage withered—an event that broke Anne's heart and that Helen tried hard to prevent.

Anne was away because of illness when Helen at 36 was courted by a newspaperman who even bought a marriage license, and her family drove the man away as though he were an interloper and she a mooning adolescent. Helen obviously wanted to elope with him, but she accepted this treatment as if she had been a naughty child.

Helen and Anne remained married in their own way, beginning a series of paid public lectures. They appeared together, almost equally well known, though it

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was Helen who did the speaking in the voice and enunciation that Anne had trained in her. Helen could tell the degree of applause by vibrations coming through her feet. (She could immediately spot a physician by his medicinal smell, a carpenter, mason, or cook by the same olfactory keenness, and was sensitive also to the vibrations of music.) Her speech, if not quite normal, was audible to most listeners. She was to make a good living as a public speaker for 50 years, for a time on the Chautauqua circuit, then (astonishingly) as a vaudeville performer with Anne, and finally as the leading attraction of the American Foundation for the Blind. She served the organization with occasional disputes—and often embarrassed it by her flattery of the Soviet Union—but her devotion to her fellow sufferers was steadfast.

With Anne's help she made a motion picture in Hollywood, becoming acquainted with Chaplin and many other stars. Just as they had charmed Mark Twain and Alexander Graham Bell, so they met and conquered Henry Ford, William Howard Taft, Thomas Edison, Enrico Caruso, and many others. The woman bereft of sight and hearing adored travel, made many trips abroad with Teacher, and exulted in scenery she saw only through the hand language. Sculpture, which she could feel, was a delight. Helen had become a national institution and a world celebrity, with Anne not far behind. Abroad they were presented to royalty, and to George Bernard Shaw, who, when reproved for his tartness to a woman who was deaf and blind, rejoined (he later disavowed it)—"All Americans are deaf and blind—and dumb."

When Anne died at 70, after swearing that she would join Macy in the Beyond, one of the world's most famous twosomes was broken up and Helen was desolate. Teacher's stand-in, Polly Thomson, had been trained for this eventuality and the tours and lectures continued, but there was no one like the bitter, gifted, loving Anne Sullivan Macy. Helen had moved to Long Island, and now to a handsome house near Westport, Connecticut. Despite her human weakness for publicity, she was tireless in good works. Though she had roundly condemned our participation in World War I, she cheered Franklin D. Roosevelt (and the Russians) in World War II, selling Liberty Bonds and visiting the wounded in military hospitals. Of the two, the salty Teacher was in some ways the more arresting personality. But when Helen died at 87, the national mourning was considerable.

Joseph Lash's fine talents appear again in this sweeping narrative, which he wrote while putting aside work on his second volume on Roosevelt and Churchill. Indeed there are occasional signs of haste, of repetition, of failure to edit and condense, as if he had been anxious to rejoin Roosevelt and Churchill. But Lash at his less-than-best is better than most, and this is a grand story, one of the great American sagas.

W.A. Swanberg

W. A. Swanberg, a Pulitzer Prize winner in biography, is author of *Whitney Father, Whitney Heiress* (Scribner's.)

The Progressive Presidents: Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson by John Morton Blum

(W. W. Norton; $11.95)

Liberals no longer know what to think about the presidency. In the age of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and more particularly in the halcyon days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, they learned to look to the White House for leadership in social reform and international affairs. Indeed, if liberals had any complaint about these chief executives, it was that they sometimes were not forceful enough. In the past two decades, however, these perceptions have sharply altered. The excesses of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon in Southeast Asia and the revelations of Watergate raised such acute anxieties about "the imperial presidency" that for a time liberals embraced every proposal to place restraints on the chief executive and applauded any sign from the White House of self-abnegation. Today one senses yet another shift in mood. Nearly six years have gone by since Nixon left the White House, and it is no longer so clear as it was then that a circumscribed presidency is what this country needs. Still, concern about the imperial presidency persists. As a consequence, we are uncertain about precisely what measuring rod to apply to the present incumbent or to the long line of those who preceded him in this century.

At first glance John Blum's new book appears to address itself to this dilemma. He is venturing, Blum says, "another reassessment—here of the progressive presidents, their accomplishments, their legacy and Lyndon Johnson's confusing relationship to it—a reassessment of necessity inconclusive, but perhaps cautiously encouraging at least for liberals who have begun to emerge from their recent crises of belief." According to his publisher, Blum has sought to find the answer to questions such as, "What is the proper relationship between

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presidential power and social reform? And between presidential power and American involvement in world affairs?"

In truth, though, Blum does not offer any overarching reassessment, and he does not submit answers to these questions. Indeed, he rarely engages the issue of presidential power directly. There is no disquisition here about the relation of the executive to the other branches of government, no guideline for the proper exercise of the powers of the office. His book consists almost wholly of four discrete historical essays about the men whom he calls "the progressive Presidents"—Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson. His brief epilogue makes little attempt to mount a conclusion, and the essays themselves are less analyses of the executive office than capsule narratives of the events of each administration.

Nonetheless, Blum has written a book that does contribute to our understanding of the most important shapers of the presidency in this century. Blum, Woodward Professor of History at Yale, has published extensively about the first three of his four subjects. Author of trenchant interpretative studies of Roosevelt and Wilson, as well as of an important monograph on one of Wilson's advisers, he is best known for his work on the age of FDR, especially his trilogy based on the Morgenthau diaries. He draws upon this impressive background for his evaluations of the progressive presidents, and to good effect. For if Blum deals only in passing with the nature of the executive office, he has much of interest to say about the history of the four progressive presidencies.

Blum begins his account with a chapter on Theodore Roosevelt, who would serve as a model for all subsequent strong presidents. After pointing out that Roosevelt, with his strenuous sense of stewardship, "gave public office a fresh mission" and delineated "a prototypical welfare state," Blum scolds him for his conduct of foreign affairs. A man with "a frightening infatuation with wars," Roosevelt, Blum writes, acted as though he were accountable to no one. Without any authorization from Congress, he sent the fleet around the world, and, as he himself put it, he "took Panama." However, if he often behaved imperiously, he also was capable of seeing the necessity for restraint. Blum concludes with a series of balanced antitheses that emphasize the ambiguities of Roosevelt's definition of his task, and that indicate that Blum's own perception of the man—critical but admiring—rests heavily on the rubrics of ambiguity and paradox.

The very title of the succeeding chapter, "Woodrow Wilson and the Ambiguities of Reform" reveals how important a place the conception of ambiguity plays in Blum's diagnosis of the progressive presidency. He portrays Wilson as a Presbyterian moralist who trafficked with urban machines, a believer in liberating businessmen who sanctioned government controls, a civil libertarian who persecuted radicals, a foe of imperialism who sent troops into Mexico, and, most important, an evangelist of peace who led his country into war. In his skillful dissection of the New Freedom in action, Blum notes yet other ambiguities—between industrial values and nostalgia for a pastoral age and between democratic aspirations and faith in government by elites. At times, Blum is as censorious of Wilson as he is of Theodore Roosevelt. He says of one major address that its "message of Christian hope was as futile as it was heady" and remarks that the war message of April 2, 1917, ended in a "deluded and delusive peroration." Yet he finishes by commenting that, since the American people did not wish to choose between alternatives like the myth of a bucolic past and the benefits of industrialism, "the President, steward of the people, had to be ambiguous if he was to represent the bulk of his constituency."

In his treatment of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Blum advances a more complex argument. Roosevelt, he contends, was unlike his predecessors in two respects: he opened up opportunities in government to non-elite groups and he was never obsessed with anti-radicalism. Yet FDR did not escape all ambiguity, for he was an urban type with country values. Moreover, in his conduct of economic policy, a subject Blum analyzes particularly well, Roosevelt wavered between trying to achieve recovery and seeking reform. During World War II, on the other hand, the president focused all of his attention on a single goal: victory. From these assertions, Blum comes to unexpected deductions. Even though the objectives of recovery and reform were often incompatible, he states, Roosevelt had no choice but to pursue them simultaneously, and when he concentrated on an unambiguous goal in World War II, that also had unfortunate consequences for reform and democratic values. Presidents, it seems, are not necessarily any better off when they have a well-defined end in view than when their intentions are diffuse.

Blum's most powerful essay is on Lyndon Johnson, though it is unclear to what extent he attributes Johnson's difficulties to the shortcomings of the progressive tradition and to what degree blames them on Johnson himself. Like other liberal presidents, Johnson, Blum observes, was elitist, could not tolerate radical dissent, and was pulled between modernism and nostalgia. Yet, Blum stresses, Johnson's temperament differentiated him from his predecessors. "He was without humility, unaware of irony," Blum declares. "It was his warped sense of his own majesty that made him deny his accountability. It was his own naked and shivering nature that demanded all the credit for his victories and declined any of the blame for his defeats." Blum leaves no doubt of the consequences: "A fractured party, the remnants of a progressive program about to be scuttled, a continuing and unpopular war, the wretched Nixon—those were parts of Johnson's legacy to his country."

This is a melancholy close to a chronicle of the progressive presidents, and it leads one to ask why Blum finds his tale "cautiously encouraging." It may be that he thinks that Johnson's worst traits were aberrant rather than

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representative of the progressive tradition, but that cannot be the whole explanation. It is certainly clear that he is unpersuaded by the alternative remedies offered by either the right or the left. Most of all, he appears to have determined that the presidents could not control all the circumstances they confronted, and he has made his peace with that fact. At one point he writes in a manner reminiscent of Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History*, "Neither the human condition nor the nature of politics permitted any president to avoid the difficulty of serving one worthy end without damaging another desirable one." Some might find this comment discouraging, but Blum maintains that, all things considered, the progressive presidents did rather well, even if they "wrote imperfect chapters in the record of the past." He concludes: "In spite of their limitations, their positive achievements promoted the general welfare, one stated purpose of the Constitution. In spite of the common ambiguities with which they lived, they provided a vibrant direction that in the large raised the quality of national life." A well-crafted collection of essays on the 20th-century presidency, Blum's book is also something else—a testament to the lowered expectations of Americans as we enter the 1980s.

William E. Leuchtenburg

William E. Leuchtenburg is DeWitt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia University, and author of *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal 1932-40* (Harper & Row).

A Southern Renaissance: The Cultural Awakening of the American South, 1930-1955
by Richard H. King

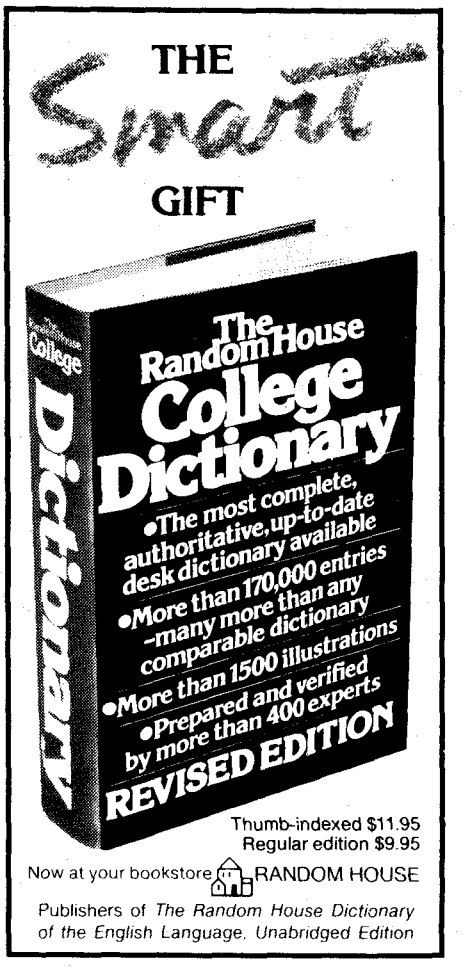
(Oxford University Press; $15.95)

By 1960, according to Norman Podhoretz, so many southerners had "made it to positions of power and influence in the shaping of the national consciousness" that it was easy to believe that a "Southern Mafia" controlled the American literary world. No doubt Podhoretz was intentionally exaggerating to make his point, but during nearly three decades after 1929, when both Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* and William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* were published, hardly a year passed without the appearance of a major work of southern poetry, fiction, literary criticism, or history. In a section that hitherto had made only modest contributions to American letters there now emerged a galaxy of literary stars: James Agee, Cleanth Brooks, Donald Davidson, William Faulkner, V.O. Key, Howard W. Odum, William Alexander Percy, John Crowe Ransom, Lillian Smith, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Thomas Wolfe, C. Vann Woodward, Stark Young.

In *A Southern Renaissance* Richard H. King, who teaches philosophy and history at the University of the District of Columbia, describes and attempts to explain this surprising cultural burgeoning of the South during the second quarter of the 20th century. He argues that the renaissance began when young southerners, shortly after World War I, came to sense that they were living at a time when an old order was dying and a new one had yet to be born. The traditional values of whites in their region were slowly but inexorably being undermined. Those values King calls the "Southern family romance." By that phrase he means "the collective fantasy" of the South, including "attitudes towards the region itself, the family, the relationship between the races and sexes, and between the elite and the masses."

The stereotypical figures in the "Southern family romance" included the very powerful white father or grandfather, the passive and surprisingly often absent southern white female, the subordinate black male, pictured either as a "naive, childlike retainer" or as a "bad Nigger," and the black woman, portrayed as both "sultry temptress" and "nurturing mammy." Brought up to believe that, in life as well as in literature, society was the product of the interaction of these types, southern whites who reached maturity during the 1920s came to realize the essential falsity of their ancestral beliefs: whatever validity these stereotypes once had in the South they were rapidly losing; whatever credibility they still retained at home was rejected and denied in the rest of the country. It was no wonder that the postwar generation of southerners developed, as Allen Tate said, "a double focus, a looking two ways."

King traces three basic patterns of response among southerners thus torn between past and future. Some, like the Agrarian group at Vanderbilt, turned to "the rehashing of old verities"; they sought by faith and sheer will to return to the values of the past. Despairing "of the repetition which marked the [Agrarians'] culture of melancholy," others, like Faulkner in *Absalom, Absalom!* began to scrutinize "the tradition of the family romance itself," but the result was "a tragic confusion between past and present, fantasy and reality." Still a third group of writers, after demystifying the "Southern family romance," tried to reconstitute and transcend tradition. Faulkner moved to this end in *Go Down, Moses*, and W. J. Cash achieved it in *The*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Mind of the South, as did Lillian Smith in *Strange Fruit* and *The Killers of the Dream*.

The accomplishments of this last group of writers, King argues, permitted members of the second generation of the southern renaissance—notably Robert Penn Warren and C. Vann Woodward—to awake their section "from the nightmare of history" by creating a new form of historical consciousness, "the analytic or the ironic." But what the second generation gained in detachment it lost in decisiveness; the ironic stance of Warren and Woodward reflected "not so much complexity of judgment as . . . an unwillingness to make one at all."

With parts of this sweeping interpretation of the southern renaissance it is easy to disagree, as it is easy to bridle at King's heavy-handed citations of Nietzsche, Freud, Hannah Arendt, Jacques Derrida, and Harold Bloom. It is fair to say that in *A Southern Renaissance* the whole does not equal the sum of the parts. But some of the parts are very good indeed. King's close textual analysis of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is by far the best thing yet published on James Agee. He has a superb chapter on Cash's *The Mind of the South*, which he rightly calls "a masterpiece of discursive prose, stylistically one of the most sophisticated works in American historiography," and he powerfully argues that Cash's view of southern history is "more cogent and complex" than Woodward's.

King's reading of Faulkner, which acknowledges a large debt to John T. Irwin's *Doubling and Incest: Repetition and Revenge*, is subtle and generally convincing, though I have difficulty in accepting his characterization of *Go Down, Moses* as "a near perfect fusion of style, evocation of time and place, and attention to moral context." But King is persuasive in arguing that "Faulkner's are less historical novels than novels about the workings of memory and the varieties of historical consciousness," and his analysis leads to a fuller understanding of some of Faulkner's greatest work.

Other sections of *A Southern Renaissance* are less interesting and less convincing. Having "little use for Southern conservatism," King is not the best critic of the Nashville Agrarians; Louis D. Rubin's *The Wary Fugitives* is a more understanding treatment. King's harsh account of Howard W. Odum and the other Regionalists at the University of North Carolina needs to be balanced by the more judicious evaluation in Morton Sosna's *The Silent South*.

Inevitably there are omissions in a book like *A Southern Renaissance*. King does not deal at all with black southern writers, like Ralph Ellison and Richard Wright. Of the great southern women writers only Lillian Smith attracts his interest; Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Flannery O'Connor, and Katherine Anne Porter are missing from this account. Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote are omitted. The most gifted living southern writer receives only passing mention, though King acknowledges in a note that "Walker Percy is much more a Southern novelist than he or the critics have allowed."

But *A Southern Renaissance* was not intended to be an encyclopedia or a reference book. It is a very personal—often quirky, often brilliant—reading of some of the major American writers of the 20th century. Of course it is a controversial book, but it is a book that henceforth every serious student of southern history and southern literature will have to take into account.

David Herbert Donald

David Herbert Donald, chairman of the American Civilization Program at Harvard, is preparing a biography of Thomas Wolfe.

The Magician's Garden and Other Stories by Géza Csáth

(Columbia University Press; $15)

Though allegory and surrealism share a surface similarity, evoking dream worlds that violate the laws of the "real" world, it must be remembered that their motives differ radically. Allegory points outward, to a presumably communal tradition; surrealism exults in the inward, the defiantly idiosyncratic and perverse. The allegorical artist's impulse is didactic while the surrealist may wish to do nothing more—but isn't this everything?—than to celebrate the claustrophilia of the imagination. Details are magnified and monstrous, or perhaps they are comic; in any case their effect is unsettling, because they rarely coalesce into a whole. The texture of sentences—of individual words—becomes extremely important, precisely as meaning is abandoned. The outer world is surrendered to naturalistic writers, or to journalists; hallucinations take on the religious sanctity of visions; one burrows more and more deeply—and more obsessively—into oneself, frantic to escape what the Hungarian modernist Géza Csáth calls the "boring monotony of life's bullying rhythms."

Though the temperament of the surrealist is often adolescent—or even prepubescent—his passion for dramatic extremes gives to his art, at least immediately, an uncanny authority frequently denied the more mature and more reasonable artist. Surrealist writing always strikes the intimate and somewhat shameful note of confession, for the surrealist, locked into his narcissism, either cannot or refuses to objectify his experience. He will not cultivate a mask, he *will* speak directly. His contempt for what we call the real world is so profound that he rarely condescends to mention it. Nothing *out there* exists with any authority, so that one must turn inward, mesmerized by one's own dreams (whether ecstatic visions or hideous nightmares), eager to surrender one's place in history. If a prolonged immersion in art will not produce a sufficient derangement of the senses, one is obliged—like Baudelaire, Huysmans, Rimbaud, and many others—to experiment with drugs. Though he is not to be defined as a surrealist, Flaubert surely spoke for all surrealists in saying, "Life is such a hideous business that the only method of bearing it is to avoid it. And one does avoid it by living in Art."

In the past several years the admirable series edited by Philip Roth for Penguin Books under the title *Writers from the Other Europe* has brought to our attention superb writers virtually unknown in America, including the Kafkaesque fantasist Bruno Schulz. Now we have, from Columbia University Press (which brought out *Modern Hungarian Poetry* under the editorship of Miklós Vajda not

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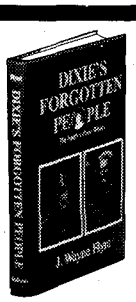
long ago), the extraordinary Hungarian modernist Géza Csáth, whose disturbing imagination evokes Kafkaesque worlds inappropriately bathed in a rapturous hedonism. If Kafka remains our touchstone, it is only a measure of our general ignorance of the kinds of writing that were being done in the first decades of the 20th century. Géza Csáth, for instance, wrote his best work between 1908 and 1912; his depiction of the collapse of Central Europe, by way of a magnification of the collapse of the individual—the magician in particular—is uncannily prophetic.

This collection of stories, prose fragments, and autobiographical utterances has been skillfully translated by Jascha Kessler and Charlotte Rogers, and illustrated by stylish drawings in the manner of Beardsley by Csáth's artist-friend Atilla Sassy (whose *Opium Dreams* sequence of 1909 was as controversial as Csáth's fiction). It is a memorable volume: though uneven in tone and quality, sometimes sketchy, sometimes burdened by an excess of dream-detail, its whole far exceeds the sum of its parts both because of the excellent introduction by Marianna D. Birnbaum and because the reader, knowing beforehand the tragic pattern of Csáth's personal life, is privileged to read the heterogeneous collection as if it were an autobiographical novel. And though it is probably true that the narcissist, glorying in his insularity, would scorn the critic's predilection for seeing cultural meanings in the deliberately private and subjective, we can read Csáth's almost unrelievedly pessimistic fiction as representative of the spirit—if not the actual public voice—of a dying bourgeois order. Csáth's persona, the magician who dies young (at the age of 29) because he prefers opium to everything the world offers—even the love of a pure, sweet, selfless dream-woman—is perhaps not so private a creation as he might have thought. As we know, there are many kinds of opium—many ways of initiating a protracted suicide.

The Magician's Garden contains 24 prose pieces, some of them mere dream-sketches of little interest in themselves, since the imagery of Csáth's typical dream is far less arresting, less individual, than that of Kafka's; there is a Technicolor lushness to the opium dream that can soon become tedious. Some of them are fairly long, complex stories that exhibit a surprising range of styles—from the chillingly atonic to the mesmerizing and incantatory. There is a Chekhovian story called "Murder" in which the "bestial pleasure of killing" is explored in straightforward language (a rich landowner's son strangles one of his father's impoverished peasants); there is the brutal realism of "Trepov on the Dissecting Table" in which a corpse is cheerfully beaten by two orderlies; there are dream-heavy poetic excursions into secret gardens that contain, not surprisingly, images as terrifying as those of the real world. "Matricide" tells in uninflected prose the story of a middle-class woman murdered by her two teenage sons, who show absolutely no remorse afterward. "Little Emma" depicts the almost-incidental hanging of an unusually beautiful child by her sadistic playmates. "Meeting Mother" is a touchingly sentimental and presumably autobiographical sketch about a dream-encounter with the narrator's young mother, who died giving birth to him. (In fact Csáth's mother died when he was nine.). Though there are arresting moments in most of the fantasies, it is the naturalistic pieces—the passionate little essay "Opium" in particular—that are the most compelling. Csáth's exploration of his motives as a "pale greedy neurotic" who gladly surrendered decades of his life in exchange for the seductive hallucinations of opium tells us as much in three or four pages as we might get



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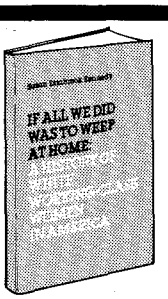

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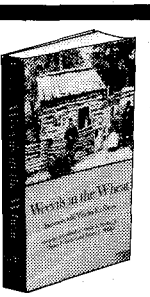

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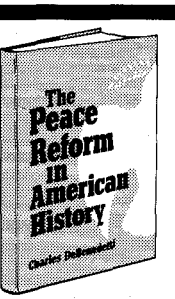

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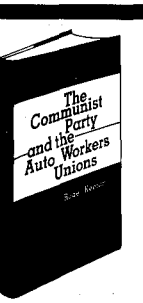

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from an entire volume by a writer like Huysmans.

Csáth's personal history is remarkable. He was so precocious that he not only began to publish fiction at the age of 16, but he was evidently considered one of the "promises" of modern Hungarian prose. He was also highly gifted as an artist and a musician (his father wanted him to become a concert violinist). He enrolled in medical school, however, specialized in neurology, and published what was considered a major monograph (titled *On the Psychic Mechanism of Mental Disorder*) in his mid-20s. At the same time he was writing his fiction and publishing in the most important literary journals in Hungary, and became known as a particularly astute music critic (he was one of the first to appreciate the music of Bartók and Kodály). A prodigious talent, possessed of an extraordinary drive and energy—yet already an opium addict (he began taking opium at the age of 22) with no more than a decade to live.

The Magician's Garden, taken as a whole, as a sort of impressionistic diary of Csáth's unhappy and truncated life, does not exactly dispel the mystery of the young man's choice of what he calls a slow suicide, but it allows us to overhear him talking to himself, obsessively and defiantly, about the nature of that choice (which was wholly conscious. Csáth knew exactly what opium would do to him). Like so many gifted poets and writers of his time—of any time, no doubt—Csáth was both blessed and cursed by a sort of hyperesthesia of the spirit. He knew so much, he saw so much—how could he act? Lethargic, passive, "insolently lazy," incapable of loving anyone (he made a blatantly unwise marriage and eventually shot his wife with a revolver, in the presence of their infant daughter), he turns greedily inward, besotted with his own debilitating dreams. One thinks of Flaubert's decision for art (as an "ascetic" religion); one thinks of Max Ernst's epiphany (as he leafed idly through an advertising catalogue in 1919) in which a sudden intensification of his "visionary faculties" brought forth a sense of the absurd so violent that he immediately embarked upon a series of drawings and paintings to express it—intent only upon reproducing what seemed to "see itself in him," to use Ernst's phrase. Hallucination or vision?—art is an insatiable devourer, making no distinctions. At such moments in the individual's history and in the history of his art it is the creative impulse that seems to insist upon expression, quite empty of moral content.

In "Opium" Csáth explains:

> Our face in the mirror reflects mere shapeless, stiff blotchings that have nothing to do with us, obviously. Trains pull into stations and people and horse-drawn carriages trot past in the streets. How marvelous all that is, and conducive to suffering; at the same time strange, incomprehensible, leading to the conviction that in their present forms things have neither reason nor purpose. Hence one must escape. . . . Pleasure erases contours, dissolves senselessness, freeing us from the shackles of space, halting the rattling of the clock's seconds; it lifts us on its sultry undulations to the highest reaches of Life.

Though opium eventually destroys the organs and senses it is nevertheless "blessed": health, after all, is bourgeois. If one can devote 14 hours a day to opium, one should, without hesitation, for in a single day one can live thousands of years. One can transcend time—and to Csáth the passage of time is the single incontestable horror in life. Csáth's decision for opium (and slow suicide—though his own deterioration came more rapidly than he could have anticipated), so meticulously argued, is characteristic of decadent literature in general. Huysmans and Wilde, for instance, impress us with the rhetorical orderliness of their arguments for disorder. Nothing matters except interior sensation. Unless, of course, it is the verbal expression of that sensation—and some measure of fame or notoriety in the real world that is being rejected.

Still, one wants to rescue the vision itself—or at least to confirm its authenticity as an inevitable human response, necessary (so it appears) at certain moments in history. Csáth's Austro-Hungarian empire—Baudelaire's France—Wilde's England—the America of Poe: are these worlds that destroy only the weak, or is it a matter of some curious sort of strength (covert, stubborn, sly) that the "victim" defines himself triumphantly against them? Suicide is a political act, perhaps the least acknowledged of all.

Apart from occasional infelicities of language—such distractions as "hang-up," "croaked" (for died), "monotonousness," and "doped-out"—the translation of *The Magician's Garden* is admirable, and Géza Csáth should be recognized as one of the significant early 20th-century European modernists.

Joyce Carol Oates

Brief Reviews

The Televising of Heller by John Bartlow Martin

(Doubleday; $10)

As a work of fiction John Bartlow Martin's novel is junk, a cut below the typically hackneyed political potboiler. Martin's characters are wooden, his plot contrived, and his writing execrable. Everybody and everything in the book is a cliché. But *The Televising of Heller* may appeal to some readers because it capitalizes on and reinforces popular misconceptions about media consultants and the new campaign technology.

John Bartlow Martin has had a distinguished career as a speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy; he represents a political species whose world is rapidly vanishing, and in his book he displays his feelings of displacement. The novel's reason for being is as a vehicle for Martin to attack in a contemptuous, superior tone what he doesn't like about modern campaigning, among other things. Along the way he also maligns a Nader-like ecology group as a bunch of dilettantes; and there are several inexplicable, scatological references to Jerry Brown.

What's Martin's scenario? US senator James Heller, Democrat of Illinois, "a rather old-fashioned liberal . . . intelligent, tough, loyal," is waging what appears to be a losing campaign for reelection. None of the tried-and-true techniques is working, so he hires Richard Cutler, media consultant *extraordinaire*. In order to keep the Heller campaign viable, Cutler, who's worked for Nixon *and* McGovern, Exxon *and* Muskie, bribes a popular television pollster. This keeps the money flowing into Heller's coffers and deprives his opponent of funds desperately needed for producing television commercials.

After a blackout and riot in Chicago, during which police kill innocent bystanders, Heller leads angry masses to City Hall, quelling them by providing justice. And Heller wins. Cutler's dastardly deed, however, is discovered. Heller resigns, but not before he testifies before the Senate: "I think now that my initial mistake was in allowing a technician, a television adviser, to gain so much control over my campaign."

To John Bartlow Martin those who engage in the new media politics are wholly bad. He doesn't even allow for a Faustian bargain. To him, the new

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politics leads inevitably to lying and corruption; politicians are victims and consultants devils. Richard Cutler, for good measure, may be a homosexual!

Martin is so alienated and distant from the contemporary political process that he misrepresents what actually happens. Although he would prefer that all consultants be amoral and without ideological convictions, most, in fact, work primarily for candidates with whom they are in fundamental agreement. And real consultants would never rely exclusively on a television horse-race poll to sustain a campaign. Moreover, no consultant would ever fix a TV poll. Winning is nice, but not the only thing—when a race is lost a consultant can always blame his client for not following advice.

In addition to these manifest shortcomings, the message of *The Televising of Heller* is neatly undercut by its plot. Cutler bribes the pollster so that his client gains an advantage in paid media: the opponent can't afford any ads late in the game. Yet the candidates remain in a dead heat, despite the phony forecasts of the TV poll. Only the riot tilts the balance in Heller's favor. Was it only the riot, then, that determined the outcome, not television? Given the author's opinion of media, why shouldn't Cutler's nasty gambit pay off?

Clearly, John Bartlow Martin is nostalgic for "old-fashioned" liberalism but he doesn't really know how things work now.

Sidney Blumenthal

Sidney Blumenthal is the author of *The Permanent Campaign*, a book about political consultants, to be published this month by Beacon Press.

Hypochondria: Towards a Better Understanding by Robert Meister

(Taplinger; $12.95)

According to recent studies, one out of every two Americans seeking medical care each year is a hypochondriac. His complaints—usually head, chest, or abdominal pain, choking, dizziness—defy diagnosis yet are so real to the patient that he will take them to doctor after doctor, year after year rather than accept the possibility that his disease is imaginary. Moreover, recent evidence suggests that for every hypochondriac who makes a trip to the doctor's office there is a "closet" hypochondriac who is hiding his suffering from doctors, family, and friends.

In response to these astonishing statistics, medical writer Robert Meister offers his new book, *Hypochondria: Towards a Better Understanding*, in hopes that doctors will stop dismissing hypochondriacs as "crocks" who waste their time, and instead consider treating them. In a chapter devoted to a history of the treatment of hypochondria, Meister shows that hypochondriacs never have been as ignored as they are in this century. Psychoanalysis, which has supplied much useful material for understanding the hypochondriac's motivation, has also fostered the split between treatment of the body by physicians and treatment of the mind by psychoanalysts. Hypochondriacs, who suffer from a complex mixture of mental and physical pain, fall between the cracks.

The first step toward treatment, Meister argues, is sympathy for the patient's need for illness as a coping device. Often the purpose of a hypochondriacal illness is quite obvious, as in the case of a woman who suffers from undiagnosable vaginal pains which prevent her from having intercourse with an unloving husband. Sometimes diagnosis requires looking at the imagined physical ailment as symbolic of a psychological one. In one such case, a nine-year-old suffered from choking fits. She said she had swallowed on separate occasions poison, chicken bones, cotton, metal objects, but no doctor could find them. Further consultation proved that the girl's mother was an alcoholic; the girl's symptoms mimicked her fears about her mother's drinking.

Once doctors recognize hypochondria as a "serious and valiant attempt to resolve a real problem," says Meister, they must be prepared to take an active role in treatment, for "the doctor literally stands *in loco parentis*, and only he can repair the damage these patients have suffered in their parental relationships." Meister proposes a "regimen of reassurance" which may include psychiatric referral, administration of placebos, hypnosis, or simply talking with the patient in a non-threatening tone about the ways anxiety can affect his body. Above all, the doctor should discontinue medical testing, which only encourages the patient's

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belief that he is suffering from an exotic disease. Interestingly, many hypochondriacs suffer from iatrogenic (physician-caused) hypochondria, the result of offhanded remarks such as "your arteries are getting clogged" or "your heart is a bit enlarged" that can set vulnerable patients fantasizing.

Hypochondria suffers from Meister's attempt to make his *the* book on the subject. So little work has been done in the field in recent years that he was forced to pad with a too-long history of the disease and a tedious catalogue of misguided theories. The 50 brief case studies of patients, most of whom Meister never met, could well have been replaced by just two or three in-depth accounts. But Meister, a professional medical writer, apparently has not had sustained contact with hypochondriacs. Still, there is no other book that presents so much data so sympathetically. We can only hope it will pave the way for more sensitive, in-depth studies by doctors who may now begin to take seriously those for whom illness is metaphor.

Megan Marshall

Megan Marshall is a Boston writer.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

To quote a 1971 study in 1980 as though nothing has changed is weak stuff. But also, the old Central Maryland United Fund in Baltimore (the name was changed eight years ago) never had an advisory board, nor has the present United Way there. It does have a board of directors, but there are only 55 members—as there were in 1971. Also, it does have an affirmative action program to assure board membership among minorities. Currently that representation is 30 percent.

Anthony Ripley
Vice President, Communications
United Way of America
Alexandria, Virginia

To the editors:

Natalie Wexler's piece in your April 5 issue provides some food for thought on the problems of organized charity today, but it completely misstates what the Supreme Court decided in the recent case of *Schaumburg v. Citizens for a Better Environment*. The Court's opinion did not address the question whether so-called advocacy organizations are legitimate charitable organizations—an issue not raised in the case—but rather decided that (1) fundraising by all charitable organizations, traditional as well as advocacy organizations, is protected by the First Amendment; and (2) percentage limitations on the amount of charitable contributions that can be spent on administrative fundraising expenses are unconstitutional. The Court suggested that penal sanctions against fraud and disclosure legislation are more appropriate ways for legislatures to deal with diversion of funds from charitable purposes.

Adam Yarmolinsky
Kominers, Fort, Schlefer & Boyer
Washington, DC

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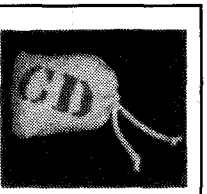

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Cambridge Diarist

Manners and Morals

The children of the old American elites have taken to handicrafts, and the elites themselves to handwringing. I joined some of these handwringers last week at dinner with John Anderson in Boston's Brahmin-shabby Tavern Club. (I'd been there once before, when a senior bean town journalist chose the spot to elder me about my "stewardship"—his word—of *TNR*.) Anderson is aristocratic New England's latest hope that the republic might yet be able to cope. He's mine, too, so long as the Democrats insist on renominating Jimmy Carter. Most of the guests, I suspect, were, like Anderson, refugees from the camp that has fallen to Ronald Reagan, as it had earlier fallen to Richard Nixon. Unlike Anderson, my companions were the surviving remnant of that GOP whose important personages were named Winthrop Aldrich. In fact, Anderson's stand-in vice presidential designee for his Massachusetts petition drive is George Cabot Lodge, scion from the line of Henrys, so genial he talks to man and God alike. What does the usurped elite see in the reborn Christian congressman from small-town Illinois? Not in a generation have we had a presidential contender who speaks syntactic sentences, coherent paragraphs, complete thoughts—important to these folks. They also like the way Anderson exudes probity, compared to the aroma of sunbelt opportunism around Reagan. I shouldn't patronize—I value syntax and probity too, though maybe not as much as these people. Furthermore, a few of them are friends—or as friendly as they allow themselves to be with an upstart immigrant son. But as I listened to their coolly cadenced and worried talk, neither urgent nor exuberant, it occurred to me that they see in Anderson something different from what I see. And if they're right, I shouldn't have been there. They have come to a candidate who they sense will preside gracefully over the decline of America, the inevitable extension of their own decline as an elite; a candidate who will preserve capital, the prime tenet of the faith, for family and nation. To preserve is their mission, to preserve old houses, old legacies, this now old country itself against the incursions of time and other people. To expect anything more would be to depend on a vigor no longer plausible. Anderson's gentility speaks to that mood. Also his squishiness about the national defense and a forward foreign policy.

When you're inclined to back someone for public office, you're on the alert for every reassuring cue or clue the contender throws your way. It's the rare person who's on the watch for contrary evidence. Seated at the table directly across from me at the Tavern was one Dr. Helen Caldicott, an anti-nuke activist of the more strident variety, who pitched Anderson an open-ended query on nuclear power. Like the Supreme Court, the careful candidate answers on the narrowest possible grounds, and so Anderson answered, focusing on the dangers of nuclear waste. Given her views, Dr. Caldicott should have been upset. She wasn't. He'd given just enough to keep her in line. Anderson did the same for me by some vague talk about beefing up US conventional military capacity so that the generals don't begin to think of atomic wars as the only ones they can fight. Someone asked him later about foreign policy advisers, and he mentioned George Ball's endorsement, only to establish immediately the distance between his own views on the Middle East and those of this churlishly disappointed aspirant for secretary of state. Then came, in response to another question, some "Poor Cy Vance" stuff and "Brzezinski's hawkishness." But I was already glazed over with satisfaction that on my particular issues the candidate was really mine.

It's hard to believe that after all these years of service to the timorous elite, Cyrus Vance never has given the commencement address at Harvard. The news that he'll do so this year came, not from Harvard, but aptly from Vance to Reston to the rest of us. Harvard commencement has been used in the past as a platform for great public utterances. What will Vance say? Only a fool or a pollyanna will tell 1980 graduates to "go forth in hope." Maybe the most appropriate message would be that of Vance's tenure at State: "Be as cautious as you can." This wasn't George Marshall's message in 1947, but the country was stronger then. Possibly more important, its leaders were stronger then.

Every season brings its spate of Cambridge novels, this year being no exception, with two from Harper & Row alone. One is Anne Bernays's *The School Book*, set, I'm told, at the school where my two younger ones are in fifth and sixth grades. I'm saving this for July at the Cape, which is where Erich Segal's new novel is set when it's not set in Cambridge. I like his *Man, Woman and Child*. At this point, at least in Cambridge, one is obliged to say something like "Segal's no Dostoevsky, of course, but . . . ." But nothing. As the Hassidic sage Reb Zusya put it, "When I meet the angels on the Day of Judgment they will not ask 'why were you not Moses?' They will ask, 'Why were you not Zusya?'" So Segal is Segal, a writer whose characters and situations are familiar enough to be easily accessible, but inventive enough to involve the reader deeply in the novel's psychological and ethical predicaments. I didn't much like Oliver, the protagonist in *Love Story* and in his own "story," Segal's second novel. I've taught Oliver a hundred times. He's sincere, but not interesting. That's not true of Bob, the man of the current volume, a colleague rather than a student. It's Segal's most mature book, a modern novel of morals and manners, in which human beings can still be tender and old-fashioned.

It's exactly a decade since the Massachusetts peace movement designated a Jesuit priest, Father Robert Drinan, then dean of Boston College Law School, to make an antiwar race for Congress against an entrenched militarist. I was in on that choice, and no candidate I've ever backed has fulfilled so well the hopes of his supporters as has Drinan. A man of exquisite moral sensibility and tough-minded intelligence, he has dared to be first in the line of ridicule. When he suggested that Nixon go, the notion was still a heresy. Apparently the pope now has decided that Drinan's vocation in Congress is heresy too. In forcing Drinan out of politics, John Paul II has silenced a most faithful son of the church who spoke in authoritative fraternity to the world. A man of the left, Drinan does not have reflexive politics. His *Honor the Promise: America's Commitment to Israel* (Doubleday), for example, is a brave challenge to the fashionable left orthodoxy of support for Arab extremism. And speaking of Arab extremism, if political activism so offends the Holy Father, will he now discipline Archbishop Hilarion Capucci, whose vocation includes gun-running for terrorists and other traffic in death?

M.P.

May 17, 1980

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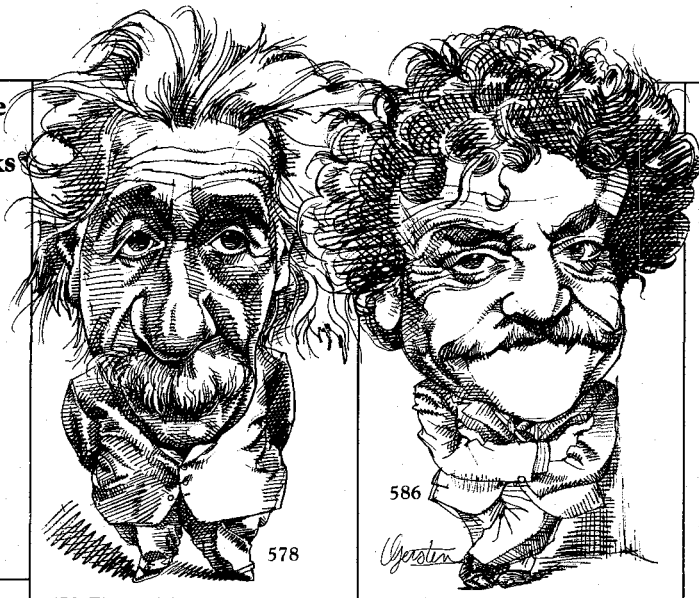

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